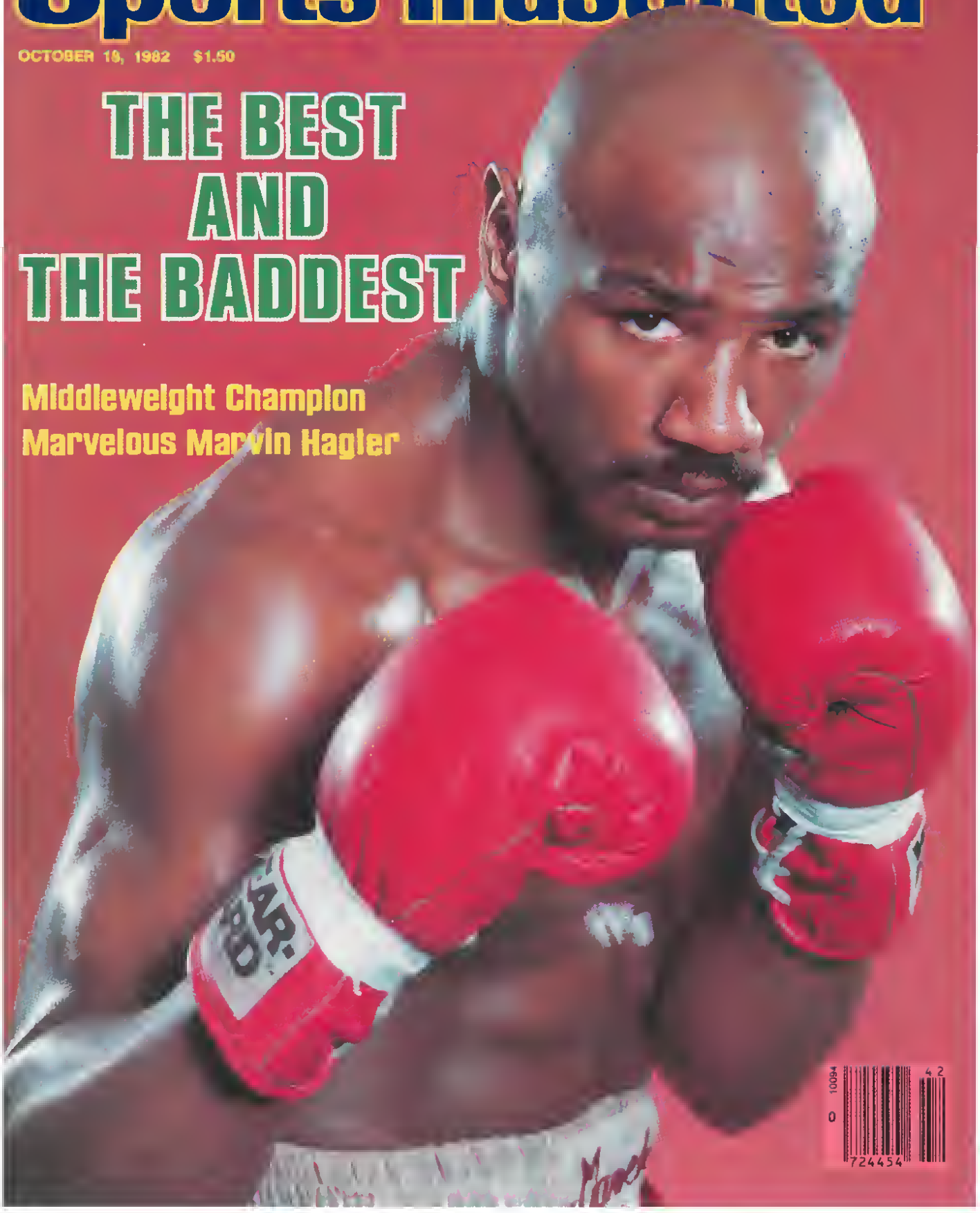
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Sports Illustrated

OCT. 18, 1982 /Volume 57, No. 17 **Cover photograph by Tony Triolo**

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



UTILITY MEN ANDERSON AND MAISEL

Baseball reporters Bruce Anderson and Ivan Maisel came to us from the same farm club, Stanford University (which also sent us Associate Writer Sarah Pileggi and Writer-Reporter Jill Lieber).

Anderson, class of '79, bats right, throws right and writes left, and had a .308 average as a backup catcher/outfielder in his senior year in high school. We got him from *The Miami Herald*'s Palm Beach and Broward County bureaus a little over two years ago. "Actually," he says, "I skipped out of my contract." Anderson, 26, spent last week on SI's American League traveling squad in Anaheim and Milwaukee.

Maisel, class of '81, bats, throws and writes left. "The only thing I do right-handed is shoot pool," he says. A 22-year-old rookie first baseman/pitcher, acquired nine months ago from *The Atlanta Constitution*, Maisel had a .689 batting average as a Peewee League phenom. He was Anderson's counterpart in the National League last week.

Five years ago Anderson and Maisel were batting one-two for *The Stanford Daily*. Anderson, then a junior, was the sports editor, and Maisel was an eager freshman willing to take a swing at any story sent his way.

Baseball was another bond. "We both had more lowlights than highlights," says Anderson, who grew up in the self-proclaimed Earthquake Capital of the World, Hollister, Calif., but he has the distinction of robbing Toronto Blue Jays' ace righthander, Dave Stieb, of extra bases in Stieb's last high school outing, the consolation game of the Central Coast Section Championships.

"The first time up to bat against us [the Hollister Haybalers], he hit it to the fence and the ball was caught at the track. The next two times he hit it out of the stadium. The coach put me in left, and I was still trying to find the warning track when Stieb hit it right at me. I backpedaled, threw the glove up and caught the ball."

Maisel was born in Mobile, Ala., birthplace of, among others, the Aaron brothers, Willie McCovey and Amos Otis. He learned to read at three when the housekeeper, Rosa Lee Caldwell, sat him on her knee with a copy of *The Sporting News*. Thus began an obsession with sports. Maisel announced make-believe Atlanta Braves games in the shower; faked a problem with his contact lens so he could be excused from a ninth-grade class to sneak a transistor into the bathroom and listen to Hank Aaron hit his 714th home run; wrote letters every year to pro and college teams all over the country, requesting autographed pictures and whatever else was going; collected 100-odd sports books, including Bobby Jones's autographed autobiography, and a complete collection of the 1973 edition of 7-Eleven Slurpee baseball drinking cups. "I looked all over Mobile County for a Hank Aaron cup," Maisel says. "Drank Slurpees for three weeks straight, three times a day."

A neighbor who had a Hank Aaron cup took pity on Maisel and gave it to him, but "Hank's face was green," Maisel says. "Poor quality cup." Maisel's face was, and still is, pink. Good quality stomach.

Philip D. Hoblet


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42
NORTON

Sideline

by ARMEN KETEYIAN

PLAYOFF TIME AGAIN BRINGS BACK MY VICTORY DANCE WITH EDDIE BRINKMAN

Every year at playoff time I see the same fly ball. This month marks the 10th anniversary of its flight. I've forgotten who hit it, but I'll always remember the way it traveled—softly to rightfield in Tiger Stadium, where Al Kaline caught it and clinched the 3–1 win over Boston that gave Detroit the 1972 American League Eastern Division title.

I was then a sophomore in college who had been lucky enough to have secured seats in Kaline country for that game. It was in the top of the ninth, Tigers up 3–1, when I decided it was time to make my move. Woodie Fryman, picked up on Aug. 2 after being waived by Philadelphia, had just been replaced by Chuck Seelbach, but Fryman nonetheless stood to get his 10th win in two months. And Kaline, my childhood hero, had carried the club the last two weeks. His seventh-inning single, which completed a 22-for-44 tear, had knocked in the go-ahead run off Luis Tiant. I wanted to get a closer look at these stars and the rest of the Tigers.

I had reached a spot behind the home dugout when the ball skied out to right, and in a move I now must deplore for its wrongfulness, I bolted through the box seats and leapt the railing, leaving two startled security guards grasping at air. Television replays proved it was true: I was the first fan on the field.

By the time Kaline caught the fly, I had reached Steady Eddie Brinkman, the shortstop, midway between the mound and short. Delirious, we danced together, twirling arm in arm as if doing a polka.

Crazily, or maybe because I played shortstop in college, I grabbed for Brinkman's glove. He had it covered. "Please," I pleaded. "Eddie, I have to have your glove."

"No, no," breathed Brinkman. "You can't. I need it. I need it."

We were still dancing. So I went for his hat. No dice. He had that tucked tightly under his arm.

Suddenly, our music stopped and Brinkman was swallowed up by a sea of celebrants. I turned, dancing alone, until my roommate, Jim Millan, appeared, brandishing his Tiger treasure—Fryman's navy blue cap.

I could have recounted my pas de deux with Brinkman, but this was no time to talk. I took to tearing up sod—pennant grass—from the field, cradling it with a love now reserved for my infant daughter. Sadly, the grass died a waterless death in my dorm room some weeks after the Tigers had lost the American League playoffs to Oakland. But I'll never forget that grass, or Kaline's catch, or Steady Eddie. How could I? It's playoff time. END

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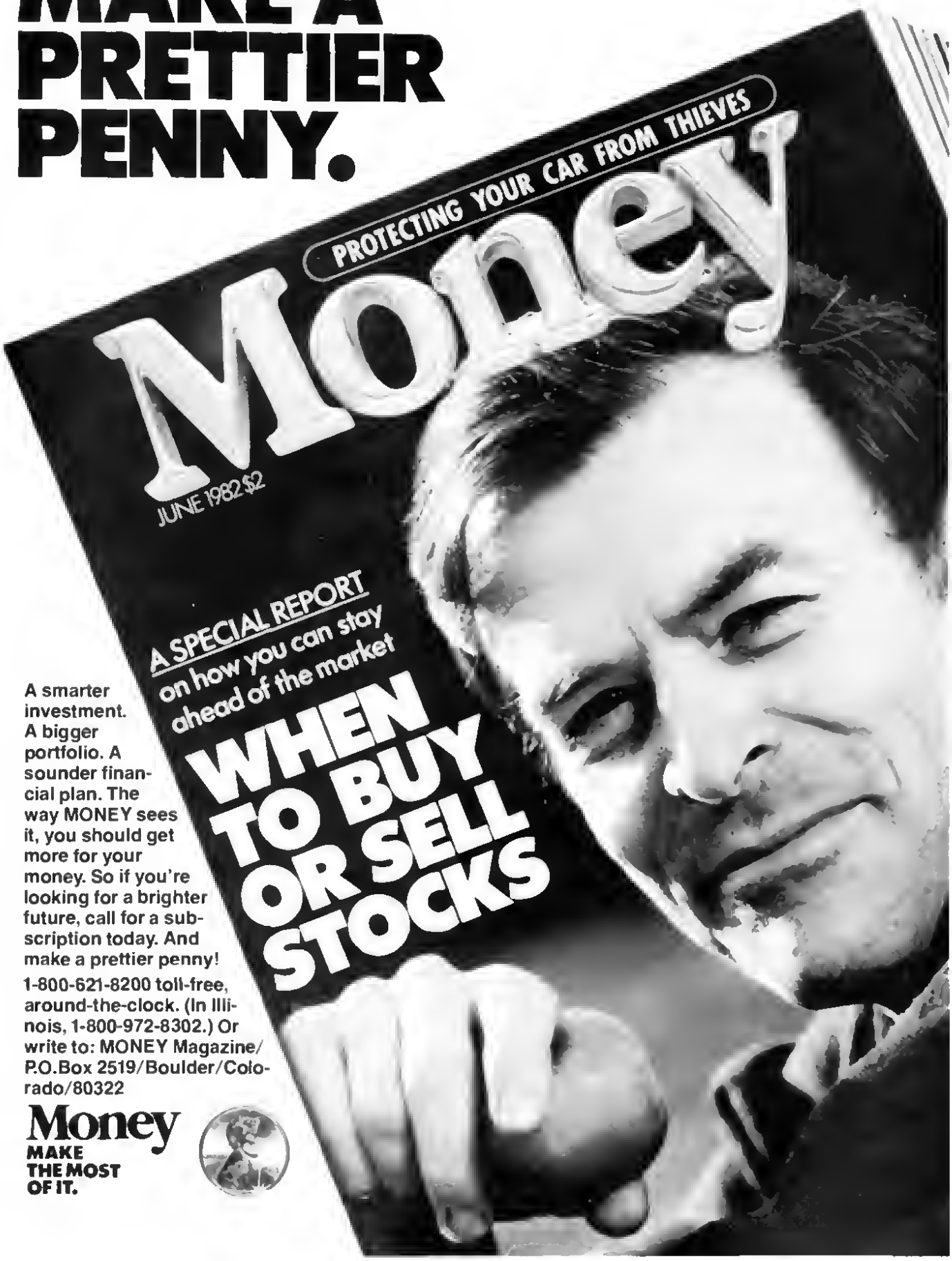
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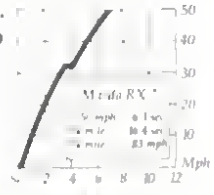
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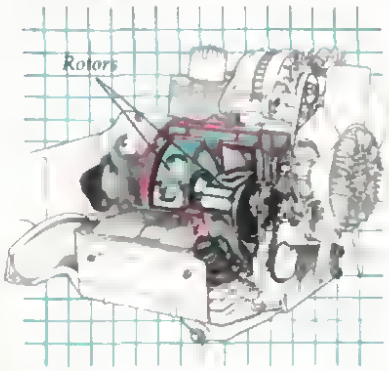
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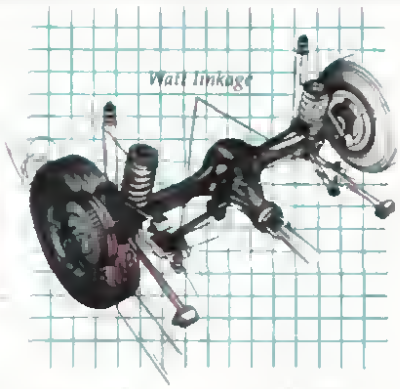
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VIEWPOINT

by LARRY COLTON

A RACE IN WHICH NICE GUYS FINISHED LAST FOR FINISHING FIRST TOGETHER

Sometimes it doesn't pay to be nice Sometimes nice guys do finish last. Consider the following incident.

It was the 3,000-meter race in the Portland, Ore. high school track finals last spring. Sixteen runners were entered in the race; the first two finishers would qualify for the state finals the next weekend in Eugene. The favorite was Donnie McGovern, a senior from Grant High. He had finished fifth in the state as a junior. His coach described him as a competitive tiger.

Coming into the last 300 meters of the race, McGovern was stride-for-stride with David Kays, a senior from Franklin High. They were 40 meters ahead of the rest of the pack and shoe-ins for the state finals.

For Kays, a trip to Eugene was going to be somewhat of a surprise. He had struggled during the season, missing several meets because of illness and conflicting obligations to drama and band. He was running the fastest race of his life.

Heading into the last turn, McGovern looked over at Kays. The two boys had been competing against each other for four years, and had developed a friendly rivalry. McGovern felt sure that if he kicked it into high gear, he could smoke his opponent down the homestretch.

"Do you want to tie?" he asked Kays.

"Sure," replied Kays. It seemed to him like a fair thing to do. They were both going to qualify, regardless of who won, so there didn't have to be a winner.

"Let's do it," McGovern said, holding out his hand. The two boys clasped hands and ran down the last part of the straightaway, arms raised triumphantly overhead. They crossed the finish line dead even. The crowd cheered.

But faster than they could say hello, Eugene, a meet official came over to tell them, "You are both disqualified."

Section 5, Article 6, Part D of the 1982 track and field rule book of the National Federation of State High School Associations deals with disqualification. It states, "It is an unfair act when: (D) Contestants join hands or grasp each other at any time during a race."

continued

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There it was in black and white: if you hold hands with another runner, kiss your four years of training goodby.

Kays and McGovern argued their case. They said they didn't do it to block another runner, nobody was even close. It was simply a gesture of sportsmanship. Winning just wasn't all that important.

The boys' coaches, figuring it was no use, did not file a protest. "A rule's a rule," said Kays's coach, Jon Abraham. "We live in a nation of rules," said McGovern's coach Mark Cotton. Meet officials summarily dismissed the boys' pleas.

Instead of going to the finals, the boys were going home. The third- and fourth-place finishers were going in their place. The incident raised some interesting questions.

For instance, when, if ever, should there be an exception to a rule? In this case, there was a precedent for an exception. In 1978, at the Nike-Oregon Track Club marathon in Eugene, Tony Sandoval and Jeff Wells crossed the finish line holding hands. Blocking another runner is against the rules, but here the intentional tie that harmed no one was allowed.

The rule as intended is a good one: put in the books to keep teammates from locking arms to prevent an opponent from passing them. But clearly, that was not the intention of McGovern and Kays.

A second, and possibly more important, question is, what lesson did the incident teach these two young men?

"I learned that you might as well be competitive," said Kays.

"Well," said McGovern, "I learned not to do it again. I would like to have had the decision changed, but I didn't know how to go about it."

The biggest crime here wasn't the fact that the boys were ruled out of the state finals. It was that they probably learned nothing about how to fight a perceived injustice. It's fine to be a competitive tiger on the track, but don't try to fight the bureaucratic beast.

The coaches and meet officials involved, all of them caring, dedicated educators, said in essence: "Sorry, boys, but there's nothing we can do about it."

But that was the wrong answer. Rules and laws are changed and amended all the time. That's one of the perks of living in this country. Sitting back and taking it on the chin shouldn't have been the reward for McGovern and Kays. Nice guys shouldn't have to finish last. **END**

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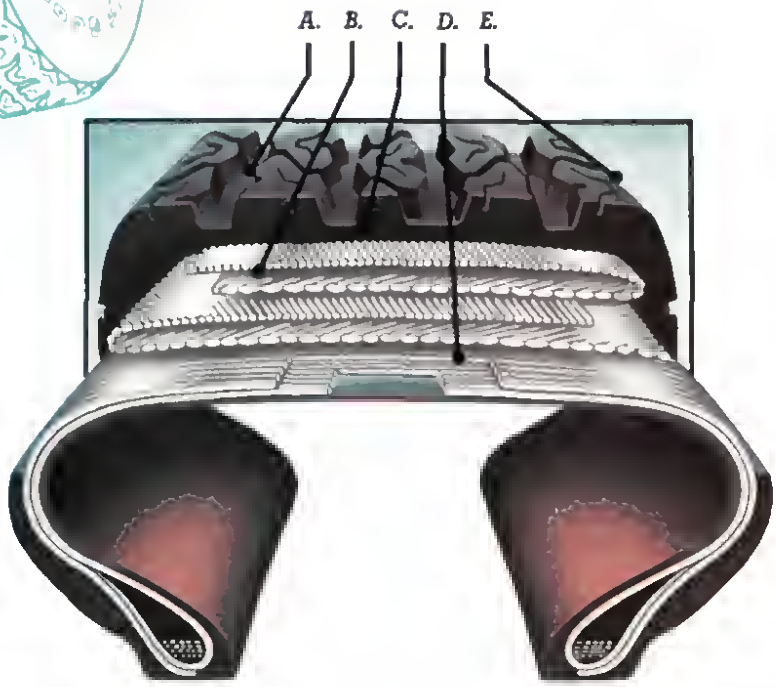


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SCORECARD

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

TRICK OR TREAT?

Reflections on the Great NFL Strike of 1982.

• As of last weekend, the central issue in the impasse continued to be the NFL Players Association's demand for a wage scale that would mean higher pay for defensive linemen and other spear carriers, but lower pay for such glamorous types as quarterbacks and running backs. Whether the NFL's star system should be thus undermined was an issue addressed by John C. Weistart, a professor of law at Duke specializing in sports law, who said, "When you go to a rock concert, you don't go for the drummer—you go to see the big star. You're willing to pay more to see the star—you want to see Linda Ronstadt perform." But Weistart conceded that a wage scale makes more sense in football than in baseball or basketball "because there are more players in football, like interior linemen, whose worth can't be directly measured by point production. In basketball or baseball, virtually all the players have the opportunity to score."

• The NFL Management Council was still hoping that more star players would break ranks with NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey over the wage-scale issue. The owners had, so far anyway, seriously miscalculated on this score. Most big-name players had gone along with the strike because of what one of them, Terry Bradshaw, characterized as a desire for "team unity." That's a sentiment, of course, that owners would ordinarily applaud. Another usually laudable factor contributing to the impasse was competitive zeal on both sides. As Jack Getman, a specialist in labor law at Yale, observed, "Strikes in sport are so bitter because the people involved are competitive by nature. That makes the negotiating tougher. They aren't as willing to compromise."

• There continued to be talk—by both sides—about the possibility of unilaterally playing football games. Some NFL owners advocated opening camps to union dissidents and free agents in hopes of resuming the season even without a settlement, but others reportedly felt that this could further unify the striking players and, if few of them answered the call, result in a public relations debacle. Because of fear of injuries and legal haggling with the NFL, the NFLPA meanwhile had trouble getting its proposed strike league off the ground. If the NFLPA could create a league with stable team rosters and geographically rooted "franchises" with which fans could identify, it might hope to throw a scare into the NFL. Such teams would lack the tradition of, say, the Chicago Bears, but tradition is less important in football than in baseball. In football, the spectacle of the game itself is of paramount importance, and a strike league could conceivably provide that. An intriguing historical precedent: In 1919, Hollywood's three biggest stars, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, dissatisfied with their share of the revenues from their movies, founded their own film distribution company, United Artists, which became an industry giant.

• The possibility loomed ever larger that the 1982 season might be wiped out. The strike began on Sept. 21, and each team already had lost three games from its 16-game schedule. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle said that teams must play at least 13 games for a "credible" season, while Dallas Cowboys General Manager Tex Schramm, chairman of the NFL's competition committee, spoke of a 12-game minimum. Accepting the 12-game figure, the number of regular-season games NFL teams played from 1947 to 1960, and taking into account that two canceled games could be made up between the end of the regular season and the start of the playoffs, the latest date on which play could be resumed would be Sunday, Nov. 7. To allow a week or so for players to get back into shape, the strike would have to end by Oct. 31. Mark it on your calendar. Halloween.

• In spite of everything, a settlement still seemed possible. On Sunday the two sides agreed to accept the services of a mediator, obviously a positive development. "The fact that both sides are beginning to visualize the strike costing them the season could be a great spur to negotiate," said Yale's Getman. "The players are scared, the owners are scared, the fans are mad. There may be a push now to try out new ideas. That often happens just when things look bleakest. What you have to look for is meetings between the union and its members, or between [Management Council Executive Director Jack] Donlan and the owners. That's the sign that new ideas are being sold. Right now things look grim, but I wouldn't be that stunned if there were a breakthrough and then round-the-clock negotiations to settle the strike."

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Candace Dunlap, a 40-year-old mother of two in Santa Fe, N. Mex., is a former Chicagoan who catches the Cubs on cable TV. Recently she wrote a letter to Harry Caray, the veteran broadcaster who is now doing Cubs games, in which she complained about his excitable on-air style. She was surprised when Caray returned her missive with his comments scrawled in longhand in the margins. Dunlap's letter, with Caray's replies in italics and brackets:



"I called the Cubs' public relations office last week to complain about you and feel it only fair [*nice of you to be so fair!!*] to follow up my call with a letter so you are aware of one viewer's (make that ex-viewer) [*we will miss you*] opinion of the way in which you announce the Chicago Cubs. . . You constantly seize upon every opportunity to gossip and impart down-home chitchat which couldn't be more boring or irrelevant [*in your humble opinion!!*]. . . Your screaming, shrill delivery of every Cub

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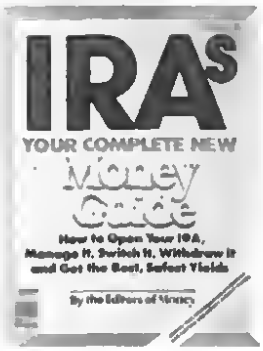
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play is also unnecessary and ruins trying to follow the game. So, it is with you, as with Howard Cosell [*He does pretty good or is success what really annoys you!!*], a frequent retreat to watching a game with no sound [*could you please write that way*]. . . . You are equally odious and unprofessional [*I wonder what you are!! Maybe a dried up old prune!!!*] . . . The Atlanta Braves . . . have the best announcers [*you are finally right—Skip Caray is my son!!!*] in the business. You could take lessons from them. Sincerely, Candace E. Dunlap [*I pay two alimonies each month to women like you!!! Luv & Kisses*]

Dunlap and Caray were asked last week about this edifying exchange, which concluded with Caray's admonition to "Buzz off, old lady!" Dunlap said she was amused by Caray's annotated response to her letter, although she also felt he presented a "glimpse of himself" that was rather unfavorable. Caray found Dunlap's letter "vitriolic" but said, "I get a lot of fun out of answering letters, writing between the lines and making funny comments. That's the best way to answer, point by point. I never get mad at anything anybody writes. When they write negative things, I try to reply tongue-in-cheek." He added, "I always reply in longhand because it's more personalized."

OLÉ!

By happy coincidence, last week's big surge on the New York Stock Exchange, during which the Dow Jones industrial average shot up 79.11 points in some of the heaviest trading in history, coincided with the first annual Wall Street Run, a five-km. race on Wednesday through lower Manhattan's financial district. All of which seemed to justify the nickname that the sponsors came up with for that event: The Running of the Bulls.

HAIL THE ISLANDERS

The Commonwealth Games, which ended last week in Brisbane, Australia, attracted athletes from 50 nations, including a two-member national team representing the battle-scarred Falkland Islands. Perhaps fittingly, Tony Pettersson and Gerald Cheek were in Brisbane as shooters, although it was paradoxical that because of the war earlier this year in their remote archipelago, they hadn't

continued

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been able to prepare properly for their events. After invading the Falklands in April, Argentine forces had confiscated their weapons. When the British liberated the islands 11 weeks later, Pettersson and Cheek hoped to resume their accustomed Sunday-morning shoots with their mates at the Falkland Islands Gun Club in Port Stanley, but that proved impossible because plastic mines, a legacy of the occupation, were still embedded in the firing range.

Pettersson and Cheek eventually traveled to England, where they practiced for the Games for six weeks. Considerably less than world-class in ability, they placed 33rd in Brisbane in a field of 34 in small-bore-rifle team competition and also finished far back in the individual small-bore event. But the two Falklanders received a stirring ovation during the opening ceremonies and were mobbed by well-wishers and TV and newspaper interviewers. Though he found all the commotion "a bit embarrassing," Pettersson was comforted that, as he put it, "This was not of our doing."

STALLED EFFORT

There was quite a fuss over the way Kansas City Outfielder Willie Wilson sewed up the 1982 American League batting title. First, Royal Manager Dick Howser kept Wilson on the bench for the season-ending game against Oakland in hopes of preserving his lead over Milwaukee Brewer Shortstop Robin Yount. Then, in order to determine whether Wilson needed to pinch-hit in the ninth inning in an attempt to win the title, Howser and A's Manager Billy Martin resorted to various stalling tactics for seven minutes while waiting for word on how Yount was doing in his game in Baltimore. As things turned out, it wasn't necessary for Wilson to pinch-hit, and he edged out Yount, .3316 to .3307. Some critics argued that Wilson should have played instead of "backing" into the batting title. Others said that by stalling, Howser and Martin had somehow sought to rig the batting title. The concern in either case was that Wilson's batting championship had been tainted.

These objections missed the point. Statistical integrity is important in baseball, but there are more important things. The 24,488 fans in Royals Stadium had every right to expect managers and players to try their hardest to win, and by leaving a healthy Wilson on the bench, Howser was trying just a little less hard than he should have. By contriving to allow a rival hitter of Wilson's abilities to get into the lineup, Martin wasn't quite doing his best to win, either. In other words, it was the game—which, incidentally, the Royals lost 6–3—and not Wilson's batting title that was tainted by the Howser-Martin machinations.

CAN YOU DIAGRAM THAT, COACH?

Clemson Quarterback Homer Jordan had been held out of a 24–6 win over Kentucky a week earlier by order of University President Bill Atchley because of an investigation into possible booster involvement in Jordan's purchase of a 1982 Chevrolet Monte Carlo, but he was back in the starting lineup for Saturday's 48–0 win over Virginia. Asked why Jordan had been sidelined and then reinstated, Tiger Coach Danny Ford replied, "I don't know if I could answer that one. They just didn't have all the facts that they needed to have at this time last week, and I think they got all the facts they need now. There was a technicality, the way you read something. I don't know, I really don't. And I don't want you to say I don't know 'cause that sounds like I don't know. And I'm supposed to know."

UNHEALTHY COMPARISONS

One objective of the striking NFL players was to narrow the salary gap between themselves and their counterparts in big league baseball and the NBA. O.K., but aren't those athletes grossly overpaid? A lot of people think so, of course, but few approach the subject from the point of view of Lois DeBakey, a professor of scientific communication at Baylor College of Medicine. In a barrage of speeches and articles that falls just short of being a crusade, DeBakey, the sister of the Houston heart surgeon Michael DeBakey, insists for some reason on comparing athletes' salaries with those of doctors.

"The constant beefing about the 'high cost of health care' . . . is puzzling in light of our mute acquiescence in the high cost of entertainment," DeBakey wrote earlier this year in the *Houston Chronicle*. "Is entertainment more vital than health? The fan who willingly shells out $50 to watch a ball game will grumble loud and long about a $50 fee for medical care. Yet the average annual income of physicians is only about $70,000, whereas the average annual salary of major league baseball players is a preposterous $250,000."

Hold it right there. First, the average incomes of doctors and big leaguers are actually $93,000 and $185,000, respectively. Second, the figure DeBakey uses for physicians' income covers semiretired part-time doctors as well as young doctors in the process of building a practice; if she had used only "major league" doctors, the average income would have been far higher. Conversely, few minor league players earn much more than $15,000. As for why even major league ballplayers should, on the average, earn more than physicians, this can be largely explained by supply and demand. Supply: There are 650 major-leaguers vs. roughly 400,000 doctors in full-time practice. Demand: Whereas a physician may typically see 25 patients a day, a player can perform in front of millions on TV and in the ball park. Also, while doctors are generally at the top of the pay scale in the health industry, baseball players often receive a surprisingly small slice of their sport's pie. Compare Steve Garvey's $333,000 salary, for example, with the $12 million or so in profits reaped annually by Dodger President Peter O'Malley and his family. All this is in addition to the brief career spans and high risk of injuries usually invoked in defense of athletes' huge salaries.

There are two important lessons to be learned here. First, when considering whether pro athletes are overpaid, it's best to forget doctors. And it's only fair to remember the owners.

THEY SAID IT

- Byron Walker, world champion steer wrestler, expressing the hope that a rodeo in which he was appearing in Dallas would make local football fans forget the NFL strike: "After all, we're the only cowboys in town making a living."
- Steven Barry, 32-year-old plasterer from Cardiff, Wales, who won the 30-km. walk in the Commonwealth Games in 2.10:16, when asked how he intended to celebrate: "I'll get plastered."
- Kelly Paris, St. Louis Cardinal third baseman, after scoring the winning run in his first major league game, a 6–5, 13-inning victory over the Dodgers: "I'd have to say that looking back, this is the high point of my career." **END**

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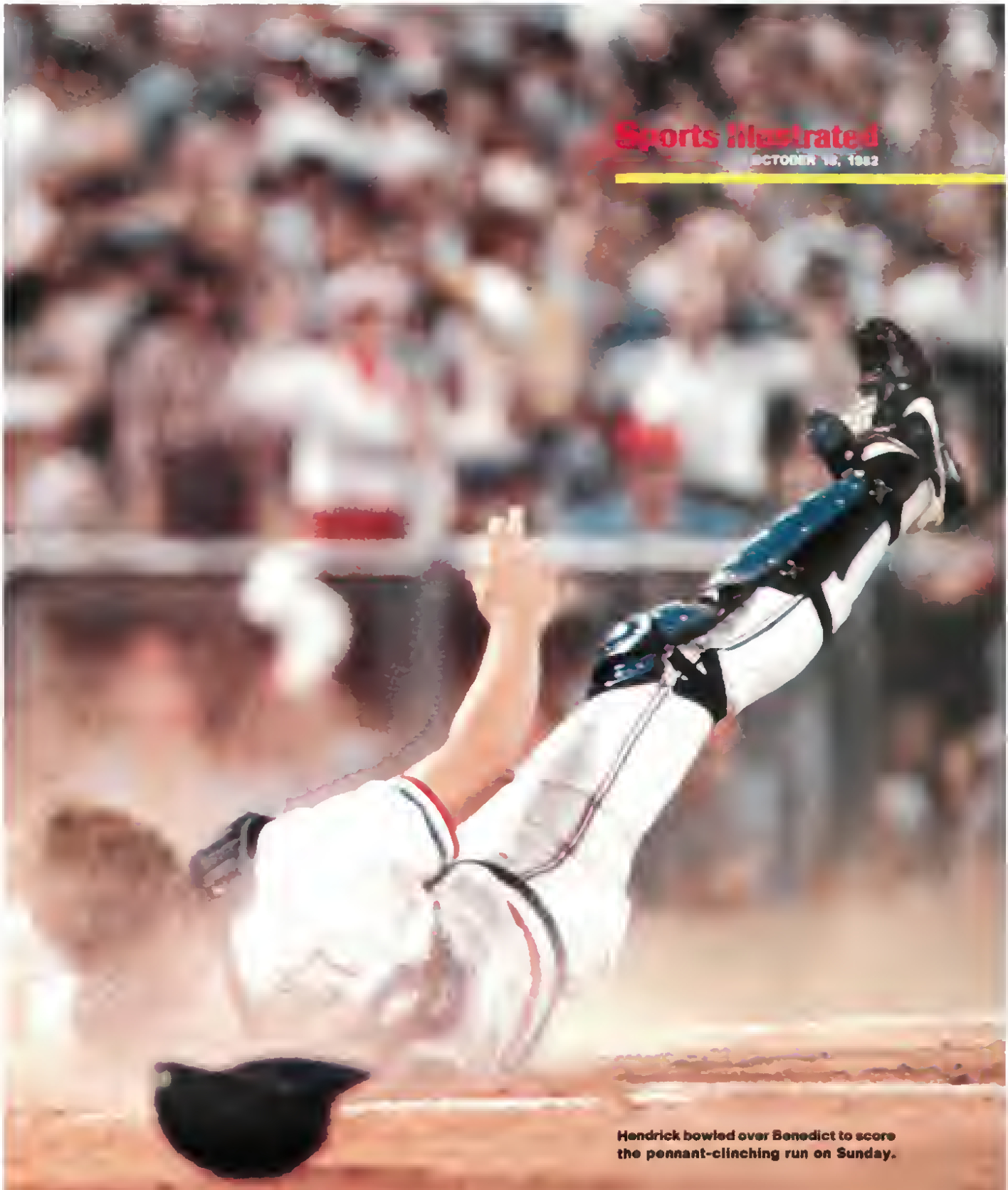
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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 10, 1982



Hendrick bowled over Benedict to score the pennant-clinching run on Sunday.

In a style reminiscent of Cardinals of yore, St. Louis swept the Braves in the National League playoffs

by JIM KAPLAN

CONTINUED

St. Louis won the National League pennant last week in a style befitting its heritage of speed, defense and pitching, which came as no surprise to Joe Torre, manager of defeated Atlanta. "Richie Allen came over in 1970, got 34 homers and was gone the next season," said Torre, a Cardinal that year himself. "That should tell you something."

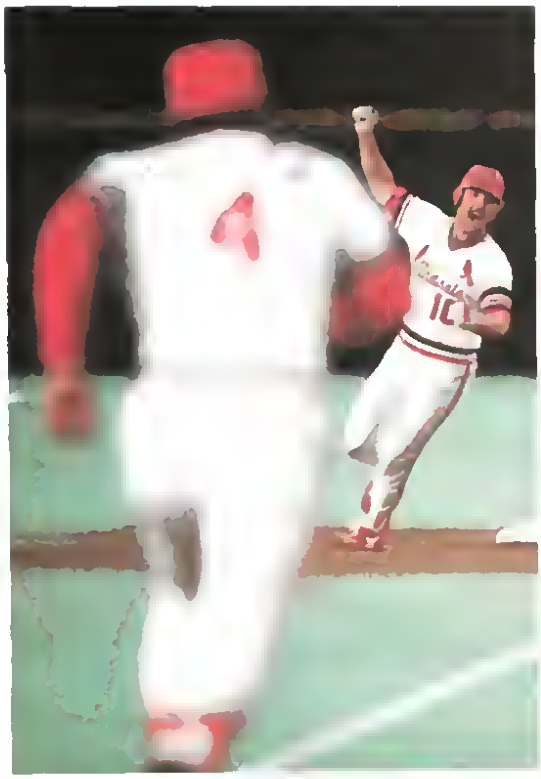
The Cardinals certainly told the Braves something last week. Holding speedy, powerful Atlanta to one stolen base and no homers, St. Louis whipped the Braves three games to none in the championship series and advanced to the World Series for the first time since 1968. The Cards not only came to play but to leave: Their bags were packed before the third game. "We had a feeling we'd win it tonight," Leftfielder Lonnie Smith said during a noticeably low-key celebration. "We had it planned from the first day of the playoffs."

Planned to perfection. Of their 34 hits, 28 were singles. Cardinals went from first to third on seven different one-base hits. "If you don't watch out," warned Atlanta Second Baseman Glenn Hubbard, "they will run you out of town." St. Louis also had five sacrifice bunts in the series and three sacrifice flies in a single game. Its underrated pitchers held the Braves to a league playoff record low average of .169 and limited sluggers Chris Chambliss, Bob Horner and Dale Murphy to a total of four singles and no RBIs.



Playoff MVP Porter scored one of the seven runs the Cardinals amassed in support

Whatever false hopes the Braves may have entertained vanished Sunday night. The Cardinals had won the first two games 7–0 and 4–3 on the artificial turf of their own Busch Memorial Stadium. Now the Braves were back home on natural grass, and Rick Camp, a sinkerball specialist suited to Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, was pitching. But Camp lasted the first inning plus five batters in the second. The best player on the field, Keith Hernandez, led off the Cardinals' second with a sharp single to left. Darrell Porter walked—the eighth of 10 times the playoff MVP reached base in the series—and George Hendrick singled home Hernandez, Porter advancing to third. Willie McGee tripled in both runners, and Ozzie Smith made it 4–0 with another single. Catch them if you can, Atlanta couldn't. McGee later hit the only homer of the series and Joaquin Andujar won for the eighth consecutive time, 6–2. Bruce Sutter got the save, retiring the last seven Braves in a row. In his only other appearance, the night before, he had won Game 2 with six straight outs.



Oberkfell gave himself a well-earned cheer for cracking out the winning hit in Game 2.

The Atlanta rotation consisted of little more than Phil Niekro, the estimable 43-year-old knuckleballer. Celebrating the previous week's West Division title, No. 2 man Camp had strained his lower back while roughhousing with Murphy. "If Dale gets hurt, they release me the next day," said Camp. "If I get hurt, they can throw somebody else." That Camp recovered in time to supersede Tommy Boggs (2–2) in the rotation was a problematic gain; that Murphy, the team mainstay, had just 15 hits, one homer and four RBIs over his last 79 at bats in 1982 was a major loss. "He tried to take on too much responsibility and pressed," said Torre. But late Sunday, as the Braves celebrated the season instead of mourning the lost playoffs, Jerry Royster, their most eloquent spokesman, put things into perspective. "We came too far to be disappointed," he said.

In the beginning of the series there were three opponents: the Cardinals, the Braves and the Weather. Two rainouts in the first three days made the early score Weather 2, Teams 1. The opener in St.



of Forsch's shutout pitching in the opener.

Louis was washed out with one out in the bottom of the fifth inning, the Braves leading 1–0, and Niekro on the mound. Exeunt a likely Atlanta win and, as a Game 1 starter, Niekro.

Before the teams tried again the next night, Torre spake like a prophet. "The key to beating them," he said, "is to keep Lonnie Smith off the bases; the key to beating us is to contain our power."

Whereupon Lonnie Smith ignited a five-run sixth inning and Bob Forsch allowed just three singles as the Cardinals won opener No. 1A 7–0. Forsch, who on May 13 had failed to hold a 4–0 lead over the Braves, threw a tidy 104 pitches and faced only 30 hitters in what Porter described as "a night off for me." Once a flamethrower, Forsch, at 32, has replaced his fading fastball with guile. "He moved the ball around, changed speeds and threw outside breaking balls against righthanders," said Torre. Even so, Forsch walked no one and had just two three-ball counts. "With our big lead, it would have been a cardinal sin to walk somebody," he said, intending no pun.

The Cardinals scored their first run, in the third inning, despite a grievous baserunning error. McGee tripled to the rightfield corner and should have scored when Claudell Washington slipped while attempting to pick up the ball. As McGee streaked toward third, he failed to see the "go" sign from Third Base Coach Chuck Hiller. "You're supposed to pick it up after rounding second," said McGee. "Being a rookie, you're supposed to make those mistakes; maybe I'll be able to handle it in five years." Other Cardinals weren't so philosophical. "He could have gotten five bases on that," said Manager Whitey Herzog. "Instead he only got three." Herzog laughed. "That's why he's so exciting."

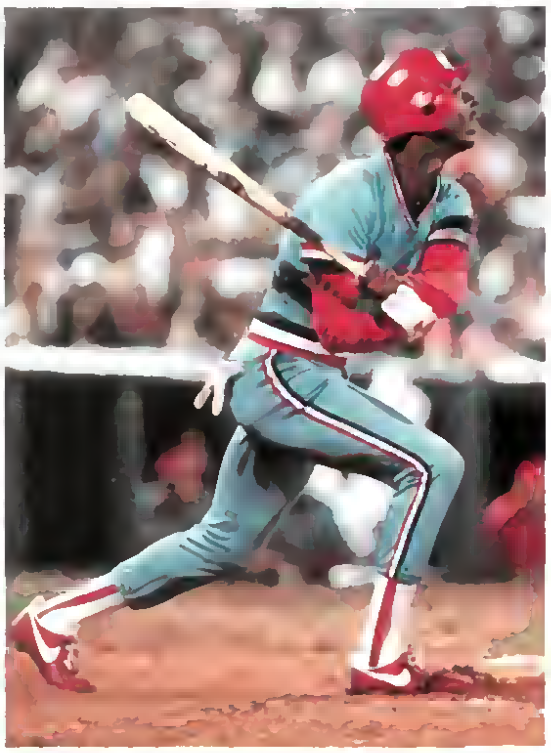
The next batter was Ozzie Smith, who shares his house with McGee. "My roomie was taking care of me," Smith thought. "He wants to give me the RBI." Smith fouled off four two-strike pitches from Atlanta starter Pascual Perez and then hit a sacrifice fly to center, retrieving McGee.

The sixth inning was vintage Whitey Ball, minus the steals. Lonnie Smith led off by making the most of a weak checkswing grounder to the right of First Baseman Chambliss. "I'd been swinging at bad pitches all night," Smith said, "but Whitey told me, 'Run as hard as you can.' I knew I had a chance because Chambliss doesn't run for the base very often and Perez got a late start." Racing Perez to first, Smith rattled both Chambliss (who threw too hard, said Perez) and Perez (who took his eye off the ball, said Chambliss). Perez dropped the throw and Smith reached on what was ruled an infield hit.

The next batter, Hernandez, lined a single up the middle, sending Smith to third. "If I can reach second before the outfielder gets the ball, I'll go, no matter where it's hit," said Smith. Hendrick's single scored Smith and KO'd Perez. In came Steve Bedrosian, a rookie whose fastball moves in rapid but unmysterious ways. He was so pumped up that his pitches didn't drop or swerve. They came—and went—on a straight line. After Porter walked, McGee and Ozzie Smith singled home a run apiece, and Forsch drove in another with a sacrifice fly to give St. Louis a 5–0 lead. Ken Oberkfell made it 6–0 with another roller to Chambliss, reaching this time when Bedrosian failed to cover first. The Cardinals ended the scoring on Lonnie Smith's bases-loaded sac fly in the eighth.

St. Louis tied or broke league championship series records with 11 singles and a five-run inning; every Cardinal hit safely, including Forsch, a .206 lifetime batter who had two singles and a sacrifice fly. In addition to their slipshod fielding, the Braves lost what would have been a sure run in the third, when Perez failed to sacrifice, and a possible run in the sixth, when the stealing Washington beat the throw to second only to be tagged out as his slide stopped short of the bag.

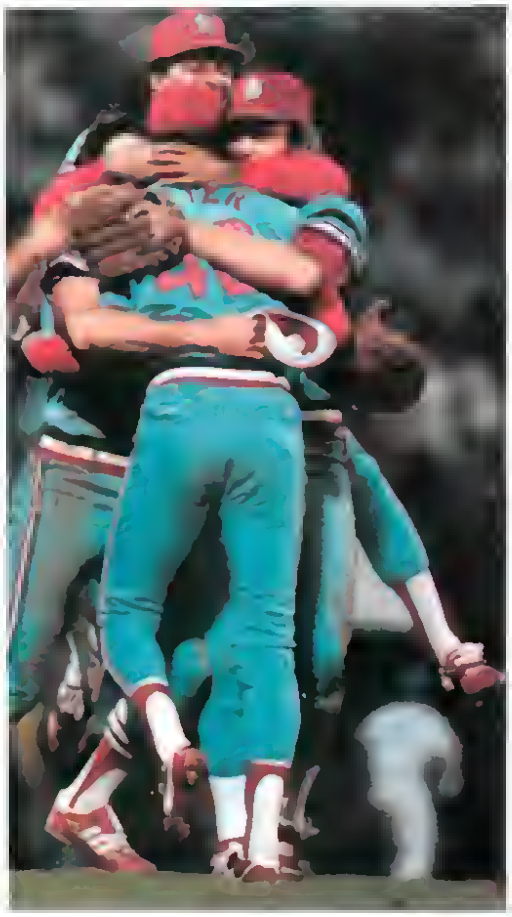
Fortunately for Atlanta, another rainstorm postponed Friday's action. With the second game dropped back to Saturday, the indispensable Niekro could start and be available for a possible fifth game on Tuesday. Was this a reincarnation of the 1948 Boston Braves, whose rotation was described by the refrain "Spahn and Sain and pray for rain"? Bedrosian offered an updated version, "Phil, rain and pray for Niekro."



McGee clouted the series' only home run.

But even Niekro wasn't enough. Saturday night's 4–3 defeat was twice as devastating for the Braves as the opening loss, if only because it was twice as winnable. Consider the denouement. Last of the ninth, one out, score tied 3–3 and Cardinal rookie David Green on second,

continued



Sutter was in safe hands after his save.

BASEBALL PLAYOFFS *continued*

Green had singled and been sacrificed to second by Tom Herr. Atlanta's money play seemed to be to set up a force by walking Oberkfell and forcing Herzog to pinch-hit lefty Dane Iorg for Sutter. Oberkfell hit .360 in September and had a .600 lifetime average against Atlanta Relief Pitcher Gene Garber, and Sutter had pitched two splendid innings. Nevertheless, Torre decided to pitch to Oberkfell, instead of taking a chance with Iorg and Hernandez, who would follow Iorg to the plate. "I was between a rock and a hard place," said Torre.

Garber threw a slider and Oberkfell pulled it foul. "We figured he'd be looking for one over the outside, so we tried a fastball down and in," said Atlanta Catcher Bruce Benedict. Unfortunately, it arrived up and in, and Oberkfell crushed a liner to right center.

Torre had inserted Brett Butler in center an inning earlier and moved Murphy to left. Butler is 5′ 10″ to Murphy's 6′ 5″, but he can run faster. He raced to his left and reached up: he had the speed but not the reach. The ball cleared his glove by inches and rolled to the wall. To Hiller's consternation Green jumped straight up in the air before dancing home. Horns sounded in downtown St. Louis, and the Busch Stadium P.A. announcer said, "The Cardinals thank you, and we'll see you again soon." But Benedict, upbeat till the end, met Garber at the mound and said, "Hey, I thought he hit a really good pitch."

"I'm not sorry for [my decision]," Torre said later. "Gene's the best pitcher on my staff at pitching with a base open. He just gave him too good a pitch to hit."

It was a game that would have left other losers rehashing every move. With Niekro struggling on two days' rest, the Cards got a run in the first on a walk, a fielder's choice, a base hit and a liner. Shortstop Rafael Ramirez should have turned into an inning-ending double play but dropped. Then Niekro threw a wild pitch and Oberkfell scored.

But it could easily have been Knuckle's night. The Braves had built a 3–2 lead by the time he left in the seventh, thanks in part to his own sacrifice bunt and sacrifice fly. Thanks, too, to McGee in center, who let Ramirez' RBI single go through him for a run-scoring three-base error. That's what makes him exciting. And thanks to Porter who cost his team a big sixth inning when, after doubling home Hernandez with no one out, he foolishly tried for third and was cut down. St. Louis drew even in the eighth when Porter walked, Hendrick singled him to third and McGee, hanging tough with two strikes, poked a high bouncer over Garber's head, forcing Hendrick but allowing Porter to score. That, too, is what makes Willie exciting.

You could have picked several "turning points" in the game. One of them seemed to symbolize the series: Top of the eighth. Braves on first and second, nobody out. Sutter, the Cardinals' indispensable man, comes in. Murphy, the Braves' MVP candidate, tries to steal third and is thrown out. Sutter gets out of the inning, and the Cardinals score for him in the eighth and ninth.

Dapper in red cowboy hat and jacket and with his regal cane, August Busch, the 83-year-old Cardinal owner, paraded through the locker room. "God bless you, never been happier," he said to Herzog. And to the team: "Thanks a million." The next day in Atlanta, they said, "You're welcome." **END**

Cecil Applied The Coop de Grace

by RON FIMRITE

When Milwaukee's Cecil Cooper came to the plate in the last of the seventh inning of the final game of the American League playoffs Sunday, he seemed like anything but a man of destiny. He had struck out in his two preceding at bats, leaving three runners on base. For the series, he was 2 for 19 for an embarrassing .105 average, with only two runs batted in, scarcely the contributions expected of a player who had finished among the top five in virtually every significant offensive category during the regular season. And on defense the first baseman had committed a boo-boo—tagging a runner with his glove while holding the ball in his throwing hand—that would have been comical had it not been for the seriousness of the occasion. And yet, here he was up there with the bases loaded, two outs and Milwaukee losing to the California Angels 3–2. "Coooop . . Coooop Coooop!" the faithful chanted, rattling County Stadium to its foundations.



Cooper fouled off the first pitch from Angel Reliever Luis Sanchez and then took the next, a fastball high and outside, for a ball. "Coooop! Coooop!" Sanchez threw another fastball. "I was thinking about going to leftfield," Cooper said afterward. He did. His line drive fell in front of Angel Leftfielder Brian Downing for a clean single, scoring Charlie Moore from third and Jim Gantner from second. Cooper was, suddenly, a man of destiny. There would be other clutch performances for the Brewers, notably sub Centerfielder Marshall Edwards' leaping catch of Don Baylor's drive to the wall in the eighth and Pete Ladd's stalwart relief pitching in the ninth after a leadoff single by pinch hitter Ron Jackson, but Cooper's hit was it. It won the game 4–3 for the Brewers, sent their howling fans into a nightlong celebration and made a little history. "I'm just thankful I had an opportunity to redeem myself," said the triumphant Coooop.

His hit gave the Brewers their first American League pennant. It gave the city of Milwaukee its first pennant since 1958, when the Braves, then in residence there, won in the National League. And it was the climactic blow in a comeback unprecedented in baseball history. No team had ever lost the first two games of a league championship series and then come back to win it all. Coooop!

Cooper was not the only hero for the new champions. Ladd retired all 10 batters he faced in his three playoff appearances, striking out five. Leadoff man Paul Molitor hit two homers, drove in five runs and scored four. And Ben Oglivie, who had been having an even worse series than Cooper—he finished 2 for 15 overall and committed two errors in the final game—hit the fourth-inning homer on Sunday that kept his team close. Actually, the Brewers didn't play their game in winning. The middle of their batting order was eerily silent—Cooper, Ted Simmons, Oglivie and Gorman Thomas had only nine hits among them—and Milwaukee's defense was deplorable. It committed eight errors, four in the final game.

But the Brewers were indomitable. They nearly blew the division championship by losing three games in a row to Baltimore before winning the regular-season finale, and the Angels had them, as Milwaukee Manager Harvey Kuenn inadvertently put it, "with our walls to the back." And they got into the World Series without the services of their star relief pitcher, Rollie Fingers, whose right arm was injured early last month. In the jubilant Brewer clubhouse after the game, Fingers hugged his surrogate, Ladd, and said, "You can do it. I couldn't have done it better myself."

"We were like a junkyard dog come up to bite you," said Thomas. "Last year when we made the mini-playoffs, I said it was like a flower opening," he continued, jumbling metaphors. "Well, the flower's blossomed into a bouquet now."

"Maybe we're a little lucky," added the final game's starting pitcher, Pete Vuckovich, "but we're there."

The Angels, as usual, aren't. They have yet to win a pennant in their 22-year history. And in 23 years of leading major league teams in both leagues, their manager, Gene Mauch, has still not won a league championship. The Angels got 11 hits in the final loss, and the Brewers made those four errors; still, California could manufacture only three runs. For them, it was a typical exercise in frustration that wasted superlative individual efforts by Centerfielder Fred Lynn, DH Don Baylor and Pitcher Bruce Kison. Lynn batted .611 with a major league playoff record-tying 11 hits and became the first playoff MVP in either league from a losing side. Baylor set a mark with 10 RBIs. Kison was the winning pitcher in Game 2 and left Game 5 with a 3–2 lead after five innings. But they couldn't do it alone.

"No sense rehashing," said Reggie Jackson, the former Mr. October, who hit just .111 in the five playoff games. "They beat us fair and square." And after the Angels had had them two down with three to go. It was a comeback-and-a-half.

The Brewers had pulled even with a 9–5 win on Saturday, which in itself was a historic feat of sorts because only one other team in American League playoff history, the 1972 Detroit Tigers, had ever won two after losing the first two. It was a day as climatically uncongenial to the summer game as any of the cloudbursters in the National League games in St. Louis earlier in the week. But American League President Lee MacPhail and both teams were determined to get on with it, despite bruised skies and a persistent rain that fell alternately as mist and showers. The game was to have started at 11:55 a.m.; it began an hour and 44 minutes later after MacPhail and his meteorological counselors had debated their options. Once started, the game was twice delayed—for 12 minutes with the Brewers

continued



Cooper's game-winning hit Sunday scored Moore from third and Gantner from second.





Milwaukee's clinching rally began when it was ruled that Grich had only trapped Moore's soft pop.

at bat in the fifth inning and for 19 with the Angels up in the sixth.

Not surprisingly, the teams played sloppily. There were five errors between them, three by the losers. California Starter Tommy John threw three wild pitches, and the ordinarily impeccable Bob Boone had a passed ball. It was a real mess, but it seemed a masterpiece to the desperate Brewers and their drenched but undaunted fans. The dauntless heroes were righthander Moose Haas, starting his first game in nearly four weeks after being banished to the bullpen, and Mark Brouhard, a reserve outfielder who spent part of the season in Triple A ball. Haas had a no-hitter for 5⅔ innings and, despite the two arm-deadening rain delays, lasted until Baylor's grand-slam homer, which made the score 7–5, did him in with one out in the eighth. He allowed only five hits and struck out seven. Brouhard, playing left in place of the then-ailing Oglivie, had a single, double and two-run homer, scored a league playoff-record four runs and drove in three. He hadn't started a game since Sept. 5 and hadn't even played in one since Sept. 11. "I'm just glad I got the opportunity," he said afterward, "but I hope Benji is back alive tomorrow."

John, for his part, was more dead than alive. He was pitching with only three days rest, prompting some critics to suggest that Mauch was reverting to his form of 1964 when he worked two of his Phillie starters, Jim Bunning and Chris Short, to a frazzle and, in the process, blew the National League pennant. John would have none of this cruel speculation. He actually prefers pitching with three days rest, he said after the game, and anyway, "I could've rested a month and it wouldn't have helped out there today. I was throwing the ball 60 feet, not 60 feet, six inches."

The pattern of this strangest of playoff games was established in the second inning when the Brewers scored three runs on only one hit. John walked Simmons leading off—one of five walks he would issue—and then wild-pitched him to second. Brouhard scored Simmons with a single up the middle that set off an *A Night at the Opera* sequence. Lynn fielded the ball in center and threw to Doug DeCinces at third, in an attempt to nab Don Money, who had also walked. But the ball bounced away from DeCinces, allowing Money to score. DeCinces retrieved Lynn's errant throw, wheeled and, in trying to nail Money at the plate, threw the ball so far over Boone's head that it bounced into the first-base box seats. Brouhard, who was coming into third by this time, was promptly waved home by Plate Umpire Steve Palermo with the third run. John wild-pitched twice more in the fourth before Mauch

finally came out to get him. It was a sad comedown for the pitcher who had gotten the Angels rolling with his 8–3 win in the first playoff game.

The Brewers' comeback started in earnest the day before with a 5–3 win under sunny skies that nevertheless produced an almost equally unusual game. Rain wasn't a factor here. Shadows were. And a fan. Don Sutton, throwing a nasty slider from the sunlight of the mound to a shaded home plate until about the sixth inning, shut the Angels out on only four hits for the first seven innings. The game started just before 2:30 p.m., when the shadows from the upper deck of County Stadium began their passage across the field. "It's tough to play when you can't see the ball," said DeCinces.

By the eighth inning, Sutton, too, was working in shadow. His 37-year-old right arm was also wearing out, and Boone, leading off the inning, hit his first pitch deep to left. Oglivie raced to the wall and leaped. The ball was caught, but not by Oglivie. As photographs and television replays would show, a young male fan reached over the fence and made a clean catch of the ball above Oglivie's glove. But Leftfield Umpire Larry Barnett, who could have ruled fan interference and declared Boone out, signaled home run instead. Oglivie leaped again, this time in rage. He would jump once more, four batters later, while reaching for Lynn's double down the line, and bang his ribs so badly against the fence that he would be unable to play on Saturday. The sure-handed fan, meanwhile, was escorted from the ball park after his catch as protection from angry bleacherites. On viewing the replays, Barnett acknowledged that the proper call would have been fan interference.

But the damage was done and the bogus homer ignited a three-run Angel rally that knocked Sutton out of the game. Unfortunately for California, his replacement was the 240-pound Ladd, an off-season sheriff's deputy, who handcuffed the Angels the rest of the way. The Brewers recently converted him from an 89-mph sinker pitcher to a 92-mph fastballer, and the new "gas," as Simmons called it, had the Angels flailing.

Still, the day belonged to Sutton, who, in little more than a month in Milwaukee, has become a local hero. Since joining the Brewers on Aug. 30, in a trade with Houston for minor-leaguers, he has won four regular-season games, including the division clincher against Baltimore on the final day, plus Milwaukee's first Championship Series win ever. "I really can't believe all of the things that have happened to me lately," said Sutton after Friday's win. "The last five or six weeks have given me more than most of the rest of my other years combined. The reception I've gotten here, the response of the fans. . . . I could feel my heart beating in my throat out there today."

In Anaheim, where the series began, it was Angel, not Brewer, pitching that dominated. On Tuesday, John, supported by Baylor's five RBIs, pitched a complete-game 8–3 win, and on Wednesday, Kison went the distance in a 4–2 triumph. John was a different pitcher in his first confrontation with Harvey's Wallbangers. Expecting the sinker, they got the curve, even when John was behind in the count. "Against a ball club like the Brewers," John explained, "you have to change your M.O. You can't establish any one pattern." John did allow a second-inning, two-run homer by Thomas, but far from being rattled by it, he seemed to settle down.

Boone also played an important early role for the Angels. "He knows how to make an out," says Angel consultant and former manager Bill Rigney, meaning that Boone can sacrifice bunt, advance runners from second with no outs by grounding to the right side and hit the ball in the air for sacrifice flies. In Game 2, he drove in two runs with no hits, producing one with a sacrifice fly and the other with a suicide squeeze bunt. Boone is the ninth hitter in the Angels' order. The eighth, Tim Foli, knocked in one run with a single and set up Boone's second RBI with a sacrifice. Mauch calls the game played by his stars at the end of the order Little Ball. Long Ball was represented in the second game by Jackson's third-inning homer that caromed off the green canvas drapery behind the fence in centerfield. "It's fun hitting it into the green," said Jackson, "because the fans can see it better."



Moore signaled slide, but Gantner could have scored the decisive run standing up.

It had been a promising start for the Angels. They had won the first two easily, and their beachball-bouncing fans—128,585 of them for the first two games—cheered them on as if they were champions already. But Jackson, certainly an optimist, knew all along it wouldn't be quite that easy. "The Brewers are too good a team to be embarrassed like that," he said, pausing before Game 4 outside County Stadium under ever-darkening Milwaukee skies. He was right. END

Hail And Farewell At Belmont

In the space of an hour, two horses attained glory, two were struck by tragedy **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The North American racing year consists of some 69,000 races, of which 84 are Grade I, meaning they are the very best and should draw the finest runners. Rarely are two Grade I races run on the same day at the same track, but each year at Belmont Park, on an early October Saturday, the Champagne Stakes for 2-year-olds and the Jockey Club Gold Cup for older horses are contested. Usually it's a day of celebration, a day when a young horse steps forward to become the favorite for the classics of the following spring, a day a more mature horse can lay claim to the title of Horse of the Year.

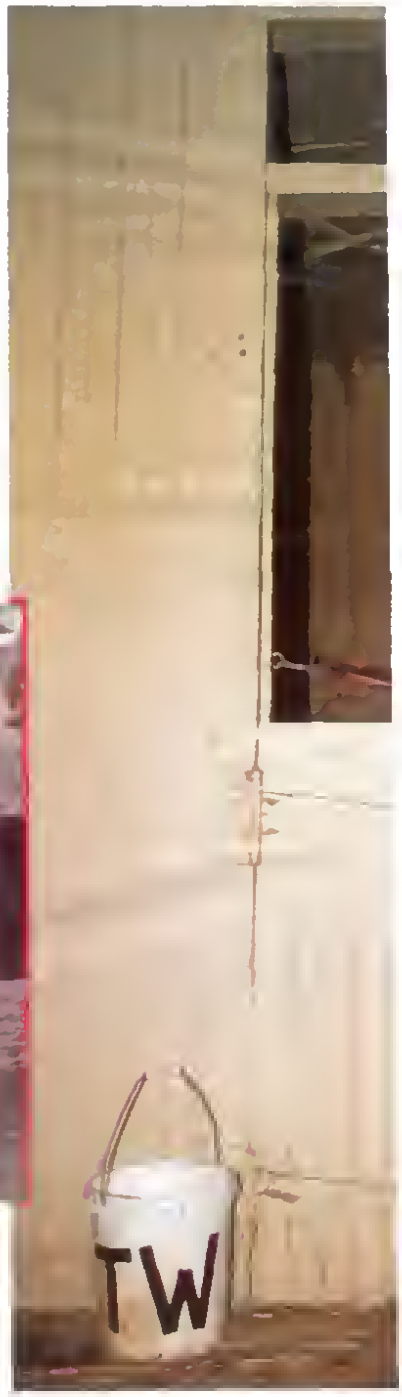
Last Saturday at Belmont, however, a crowd of 27,311, plus millions of television viewers, saw a horror show unique in the annals of Grade I racing. Four entries fell less than a half-mile from the finish of the 1½-mile, $563,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup, strewing jockeys and horses across the track.

The favorite was Timely Writer, a horse to build dreams on. He had been purchased as a yearling for $13,500, and on Oct. 10, 1981 he had run a marvelous race in the Champagne Stakes, winning just as he pleased by 4¾ lengths. Owned by Peter and Francis Martin, two butchers from Boston, Timely Writer became a very popular colt, not only because he was a bargain-basement buy in a market saturated by overpriced horses, but also because his style of running pleased crowds immensely. He would hang back for much of a race and then come rolling through the stretch to victory. After winning last winter's Flamingo Stakes and Florida Derby, he became the favorite for the Triple Crown races.

Then, in late April, Timely Writer became ill with gastroenteritis and nearly died. Stomach surgery saved the colt's life, but nobody expected that he would race again. In mid-August, however, he returned at Suffolk Downs and won The Yankee Handicap by a half-length; 10 days later he won an allowance race at Saratoga and looked very good doing so. Somehow all the bad times seemed over for him. Timely Writer was back. It even appeared possible that he might go on to dominate the major races of autumn.

His schedule was set. He would run in the one-mile Jerome Handicap, the 1¼-mile Marlboro Cup and the 1½-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup. If Timely Writer won two of those races, he could be Horse of the Year. But again bad luck struck him down. On the morning of the





In the Gold Cup, Timely Writer (above, right) broke from the gate beside Lemhi Gold, but he never returned to his stall.

Jerome, a prerace test detected the residue of a drug administered 48 hours before to alleviate coughing. Timely Writer was forced out of the race and thus missed an important prep for the Marlboro Cup. In the Marlboro he finished seventh behind the winner, 4-year-old Lemhi Gold. A week before the Jockey Club Gold Cup, however, Timely Writer ran in a 1⅛-mile handicap at Belmont and won by 7½ lengths. Once again, the



Copelan locked up 2-year-old colt-of-the-year honors with a 6½-length Champagne win.



hard-luck horse was back in business. Trainer Dominic Imprescia felt that his horse was coming up to the Gold Cup perfectly, and his exercise rider reported that he was having trouble slowing the horse down in his morning works. New York horseplayers made Timely Writer the 2–1 favorite to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

It was all in vain. With less than a half mile remaining in the race, Lemhi Gold, the eventual 4½-length victor, was about to take the lead from Island Whirl, with Timely Writer only a couple of lengths behind. Timely was "moving easily, moving good," said his jockey, Jeff Fell, after the race. "I thought he would move to Lemhi Gold and win. But in an instant he went down."

Timely Writer's left foreleg had suddenly shattered and he fell. Immediately, horses and jockeys seemed to fill the air. Long shot Sing Sing hurdled over Timely Writer, stumbled badly and unseated his jockey, Miguel Rivera; 4-year-old Johnny Dance tried to slip by the fallen Timely on the inside, but he smashed into the struggling colt, struck the rail and broke a leg; Khatango was clipped by Timely's legs and also fell. Both Sing Sing and Khatango recovered and, riderless, continued to run, but Timely Writer and Johnny Dance were mortally injured, their left forelegs fragmented almost beyond recognition. Both horses were immediately destroyed on the track by Belmont's chief veterinarian, Dr. James Belden. Peter Martin said, with tears in his eyes, "He was the best horse we ever owned, as good a horse as you're ever likely to see. But he was cursed. He just had to be cursed. How else can anyone explain all the things that happened to him in such a short period of time?"

A half-hour before the Gold Cup tragedy a huge field of 13 showed up for the one-mile, $240,000 Champagne Stakes, hoping to outrun 85-year-old Fred Hooper's Copelan. Not only didn't they beat him, they didn't even get close. "Copelan just pulled me right to the lead," said Jockey Jerry Bailey afterward. "I hit him a couple of times, but that was more to keep myself busy than to shake up the horse." Copelan won by 6½ lengths and is clearly the best of the 2-year-old colts. He has won the Hopeful, the Belmont Futurity and the Champagne Stakes and has earned more than $300,000.

Lemhi Gold's Gold Cup victory sent his earnings for the year to $1,060,375 and once again proved what a versatile performer he is. Earlier this year he won the $300,000 San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita, the most important U.S. grass race. In July he triumphed in the Sword Dancer on grass at Belmont and then won both the Marlboro Cup and Jockey Club Gold Cup on dirt.

Laz Barrera, Lemhi Gold's trainer, has great confidence in his horse's future. "While I feel very sad about what happened in the Gold Cup," he said, "I thought we had the best horse going into the race, and Lemhi Gold was moving to the front when the spill occurred. I would think his win should make him Horse of the Year."

And thus, a beautiful autumn afternoon at Belmont Park became the setting for both triumph and tragedy. Lemhi Gold will go on to race in the Washington D.C. International or in California; Copelan runs next month at the Meadowlands. On Tuesday, Timely Writer was to be buried in the Belmont infield not far from the grave of another hard-luck horse, Ruffian. END



'Tequila!' Washington Served Up A Few Belts

The Huskies proved that, yes, they do deserve a high ranking, knocking back upstart Cal in a neat 50–7 win

by JOHN PAPANEK

Joe Kapp's razor-cut gray hair looked ragged now, and the square jaw was so tightly clenched it seemed to be wired shut with steel cables. The eyes were glazed. The big, strong hands hadn't yet stopped shaking. The carnage had been so complete, so total, that Kapp could barely find the words to describe it. Washington had just humiliated California 50–7 and, worse, devastated California's rookie Coach Joe Kapp—yes, *that* Joe Kapp—50–7, with the 7 coming only 54 seconds from the end.

"What hurt us the most was the last truck that hit us," said Kapp.

Yes, but did anybody get the number of that truck?

Well let's see, was it 16? 14? 2? 38?

"I sure saw a lot of purple out there," said Kapp.

90? 13? 31? 42?

There were two number 42s out there, weren't there? And two 67s and two 24s and two 36s and two 1s and . . .

Punchdrunk though they may have been, Kapp and his Golden Bears were not seeing double last Saturday afternoon in Seattle. It was, in fact, an occa-

Linebacker Stewart Hill, here stopping Ron Story, helped hold Cal to 67 yards rushing.

sion when you couldn't tell the Husky players *with* a scorecard.

Yes, Washington Coach Don James packed more than 100 bodies into purple and gold uniforms and then oversaw this horde as it marched up and down the gridiron in Husky Stadium. Oh, a few of the injured couldn't join the parade for instance, three starters—a linebacker, a cornerback and a tight end—plus the second- and third-string strong safeties, and the backup fullback, and the backup fullback's backup, who had injured a knee during pregame warmups. And, oh yes, Steve Pelluer, the Huskies' starting quarterback, had to leave the festivities after suffering a mild concussion in the second quarter.

But those things happen in football. Washington did just fine anyway, and James can take a large share of the credit—along with the equipment manager who outfitted James's legions. None of the players wore triple-digit numbers, and James somehow managed to keep those 66 Huskies with duplicate numerals from running onto the field at the same time as their numbersakes.

Indeed, 78 Huskies saw action, and about half of them, it seemed, scored touchdowns. The other half kept busy by blitzing and bashing Cal quarterbacks, linemen and ballcarriers. By the game's final two minutes, Cal had executed only three plays and one punt from inside Washington's territory—the Bears' deepest penetration had been to the Husky 44—but Kapp's kids still came slugging back. When the Golden Bears finally scored their touchdown, averting the shutout, they did so against Washington's third-string defense (second-string at some positions, but that was largely a result of injuries).

"How deep did I get into our depth chart?" said James. "The next running back to go in would have been me."

A Don James *did* in fact get into the game, in the person of Cal's second-string defensive tackle of that name. The exploits of that Don James—"Another tackle for Don James!" crooned the P.A. announcer—provided a pleasant diversion for the Husky student section, which otherwise had been dancing itself dizzy in the rare Seattle sunshine and directing renditions of that old Latin standard, *Tequila*, in a unisonic din at the formerly legendary, formerly hard-drinking, half-Mexican quarterback-turned-California-coach, Kapp.

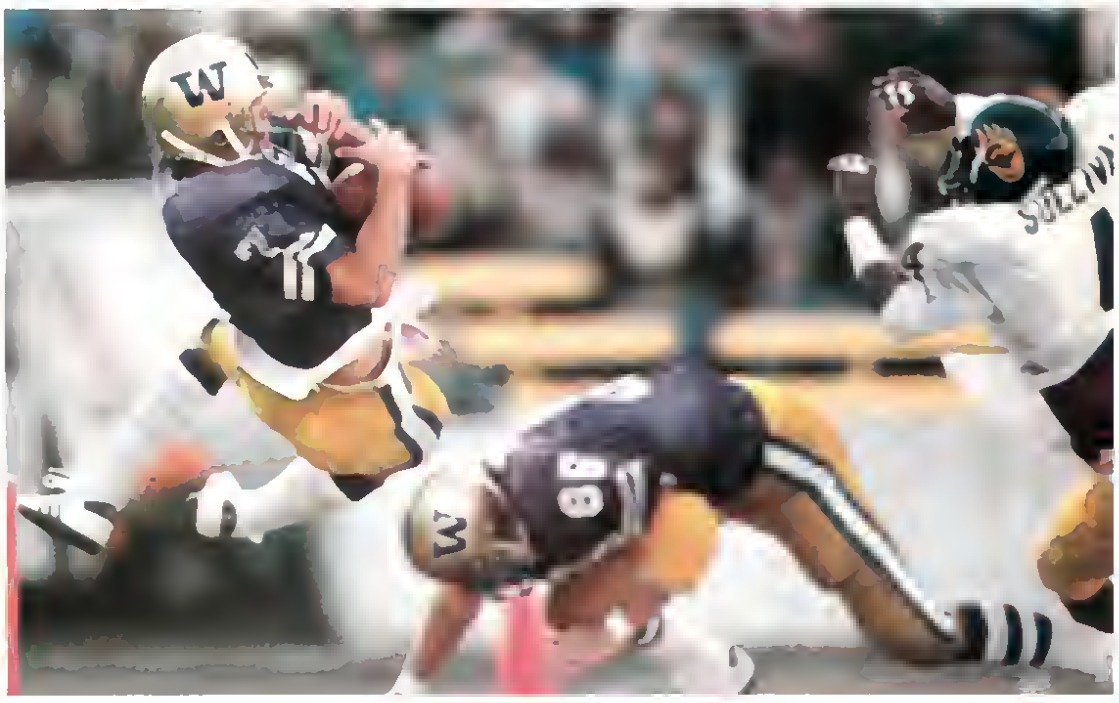
There was no doubt that it was Kapp's very presence that made this game between Cal and Washington, 4–0 and ranked No. 2 by SI and No. 1 by AP and UPI, such a big one. The Bears' 3–1 start under Kapp had the earmarks of a miracle in progress. Nearly all the controversy that had accompanied Kapp's hiring last spring had suddenly vanished. Quarterback Gale Gilbert, who'd announced at midsummer that he would leave Cal after having told Kapp that he thought Kapp was incompetent, had returned in the fall and won the starting job. Of Kapp's arrival, Harvey Salem, a four-year starter at offensive tackle and a 3.2 psychology major, had said, "I was shocked. I thought, 'My God, Hollywood!' In one of our first meetings Coach Kapp was talking Rose Bowl, and we'd been 2–9. Give me a break!" Last week Salem was saying, "Joe is sincere, and it rubs off on the team."

"In the spring it was one long monsoon," says Cal Sports Information Director John McCasey. "But fall came, the clouds parted, and amazingly, it was time to play football." A season-opening 31–17 win at Colorado made a few skeptics into believers, and a 28–0 romp over San Diego State the following week brought more into the fold. Then a 26–7 thrashing of San Jose State after a tough 15–0 loss to Arizona State revived a lost religion. The ghost of Pappy Waldorf was alive in Joe Kapp. "During the San Jose game," says Kapp, "for the first time I could look down the bench and see a group of players who expected to *win*. You know, difficult as it is for me to comprehend this, last year these players expected to *lose*. Can you imagine that? Football players expecting to lose?"

There were so many converts that last week the buildup for the Cal-Washington game knocked the Golden Bears' Bay Area archrival, Stanford, possessor of the best college quarterback in America, to

continued

The second of Skansi's four receptions—which gave him a Husky-record 113—set up Washington's first TD.





Cowan, filling in for the injured Pelluer, completed 13 of 17, three of them for TDs.

WASHINGTON *continued*

page six of the *San Francisco Chronicle* sports section.

"It's a very good position to be in, playing a top-ranked team," said Cal Athletic Director Dave Maggard a little smugly on Friday night. Maggard was the man who wanted Kapp and no one but Kapp to coach his Golden Bears. "We've already beaten the skeptics who said we wouldn't win a game. Not a game. We've beaten them by three. And we've already won more games than we did all last year. It's a good position to be in," he repeated. What did Maggard mean by that? He just smiled a smile that said, "What have we got to lose?" Oh my, what an answer awaited.

Meanwhile, things hadn't been exactly rosy in Seattle. Husky fans were being mighty hard on their team, and the Huskies were being pretty hard on themselves. With James's SRO redshirt class of '82—he has 17 players who are in their fifth year at Washington—coming of age, the feeling was that the Huskies could play the regular season by mail while shopping for holiday rentals in the Pasadena area. Explain then, you Huskies, the following: After opening up with a fully expected 55–0 blowout of Texas-El Paso, why did you beat Arizona by *only* 23–13, and trail *Oregon*, which hadn't seored an offensive touchdown in 12 quarters, 21–17 in the fourth period before pulling out a 37–21 win, and get behind San Diego State—the same San Diego State that was badly beaten by Cal—14–9 in the second quarter before winning 46–25?

"I know, I know," James said on Friday at the end of a week of tooth-jarring practices. In any other season—in 1981, for instance, when the Huskies went 9–2 and mauled Iowa 28–0 in the Rose Bowl—James would have had no need to defend his team for winning however it could, but of course this year is different. Bigger and better things are expected of Washington. "San Diego State had lost to Air Force and Cal," James said. "Oregon had been seoreless. Neither team looked good on film. We didn't prepare well and we struggled. We had four senior defensive backs—three from the redshirt class—yet we'd given up six touchdowns through the air. That caused some concern. It's easy to make the team do the physical work. Just keep them out there till they do it. It's the mental thing that's tricky."

The rankings have a lot to do with "the mental thing," as every coach knows. James is a little fed up with talking about the ratings, but, he says, "You'd like to get tired of being on top. What happens when you're Number One or Two is, your opponents get higher when they play you. That's to be expected. Only, when they've gotten higher, we've gotten lower. The ratings are helping our opponents more than they're helping us." Not that James isn't doing his part. In the two weeks before the Cal game, he didn't pick his team No. 1 on his UPI Coaches Poll ballot. What he needs is a campaign manager. VOTE WASHINGTON FOR NO. 3!

"It's been real weird, because we've been coming out flat and still winning," said Husky Linebacker and Defensive Captain Mark Stewart before taking on the Golden Bears. Added senior Split End Anthony Allen, "The main difference between this year and last is that now we're Number One and we're supposed to beat teams by 30 or 40. Last year we only had to play well enough to win, which is all you're supposed to have to do in football or any other sport. We've all been around so long, we kind of forget how to be emotional, so maybe we get behind and then get emotional for a quarter and beat them like we should beat them. I don't think we're the Number One team. It's hard to say who *is*."

Thus in the days leading up to Saturday's game a reversal of roles unfolded: Here came Cal and the mystical Kapp, a confident, newly minted juggernaut riding a crest, and there was highly ranked Washington believing Cal was for real and a little bit scared itself. That touch of fear was just the sort of thing James felt his team needed.

Kapp also had an extra incentive to win. He has been facing a good deal of resentment from coaches who don't like the fact that he got the head coaching job at Cal without ever having coached a down. "Does this mean Johnny Unitas gets the next job?" one noted coach had asked Maggard. James, realizing that Cal needed no more in the way of pregame motivation, tiptoed around the question of Kapp's credentials all week and instead lauded Cal Assistant Ron Lynn, who had been on James's staff at Kent State in 1974. "Ron's a great defensive coordinator, and I understand that Joe is letting him run the defense with no interference," said James. Lynn, far and away the most experienced of Kapp's aides, with eight years of major-college experience, is the sole full-time holdover from the regime of Roger Theder that fell at the end of last season. Kapp practically had to beg Lynn to stay, and he did, while others fled.

The Huskies regarded Cal as the first good team they would play this year; by winning big they could confirm to themselves that they deserved their lofty ranking. Said Pelluer early in the week, "We've been a little complacent. A little overconfident. I think as early as last year we all looked ahead and realized that we would be capable of dominating most of our schedule this year. Cal is much better than we thought they'd be. Practice this

continued



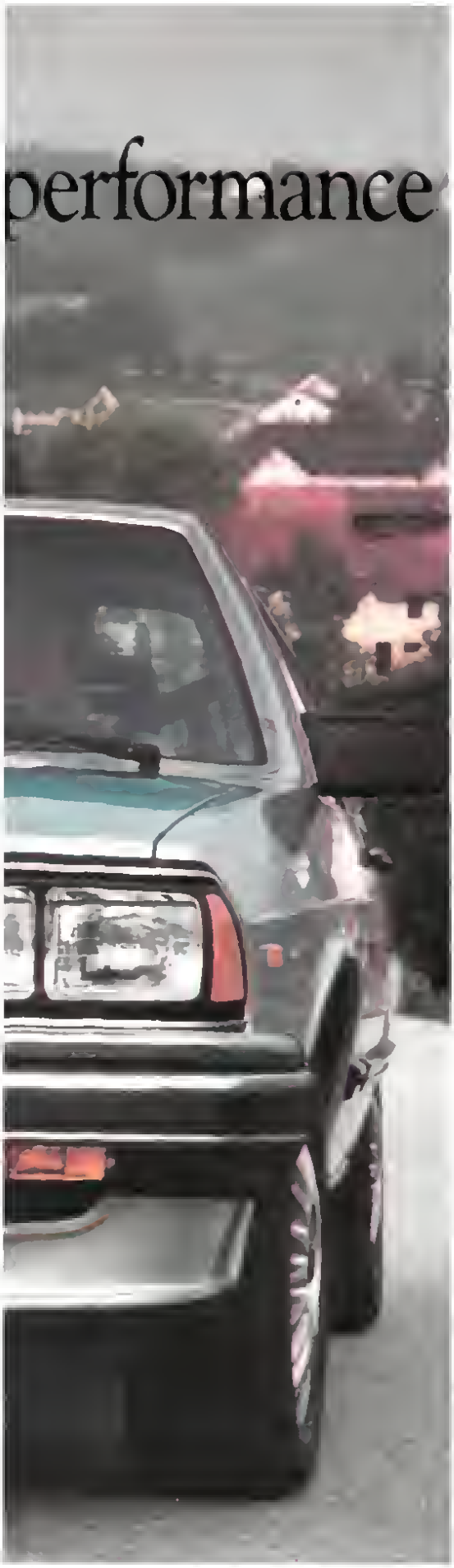
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week has been fun. The hitting has been hard. There's excitement in the air."

Yes, there was, and who knew what to expect? Why Washington was made a 13-point favorite no one in Husky Stadium could figure out. But someone sure knew something.

Once the game got going, Washington looked as though it was going to continue its complacent ways. Cal's offense couldn't make a dent, but for most of the first half the Huskies would march the ball into Cal territory, cross the 30 and then take a nap. This type of lapse had become a source of some concern to James, because he feared the Huskies had become overly dependent on one of those fifth-year seniors, Chuck Nelson, who came into the game as the nation's second-leading scorer, having kicked an NCAA-record 19 straight field goals, going back to last season's 10th game. On three of Washington's first five possessions against the Golden Bears he ran his string to 20, 21 and 22, with kicks from 32, 36 and 20 yards, respectively. For all its work, Washington led just 9–0 midway through the second quarter.

"The thing that really worried me was starting out with those threes again," said James afterward. "You go down the field twice and get threes, and they go down the field once and get a seven, they're ahead. There came a time when we needed a seven."

The time came with 48 seconds remaining in the half, when on the Huskies' fourth try from inside the Cal two, Fullback Chris James barely bulled his way across from an inch out. But during the previous series Pelluer had had his bell rung by Roverback Richard Rodgers and had suffered the concussion. He had taken himself out of the game when he couldn't remember the play he'd just called. Pelluer had completed six of nine passes up to that point, and his replacement, Tim Cowan, had thrown only 12 this season and 20 last year. On Cowan's first play, he was thrown for a nine-yard loss by Golden Bear Tackle Reggie Camp. "I was pretty damn scared after that," he said. "I thought, 'Oh no!' "

For the rest of the game Cowan was merely magnificent, completing 13 of 17 passes for 197 yards and three touchdowns. He became the director of the rout, which was to commence as soon as the Washington band cleared the field after halftime. First he fired an 18-yard bullet to Split End Aaron Williams to ease the Huskies across midfield, and then he let loose a 41-yard bomb to Williams, who pulled down the pass in the right corner of the end zone, the first of his two TD catches. *Tequila!* Williams' second TD came 6½ minutes later on a 12-yarder. *Tequila!* In between Williams' TDs, Tailback Dennis Brown swept right for a touchdown set up by a 16-yard pass from Cowan to Flanker Paul Skansi, who only three plays earlier had become the Huskies' alltime pass reception leader, with 112. Along the way, Nelson, who now has a run of 49 straight extra points to go along with his field-goal string, tied Hugh McElhenny as Washington's alltime leading scorer, with 233 points. *Tequila!* Late in the fourth quarter Cowan threw his third TD pass on a roll-out to the right and a cross-field burner to Allen, who was streaking to the left flag. *Tequila!*



Nelson now has kicked a record 22 straight field goals.

It *was* getting monotonous, but the crowd savored every drop. As for Cal, well, the first three of Washington's second-half touchdowns came after punts of 15, 19 and 28 yards by Kriss Heisinger, filling in not so ably for the regular punter, Mike Ahr, who was back in Berkeley nursing a leg injury.

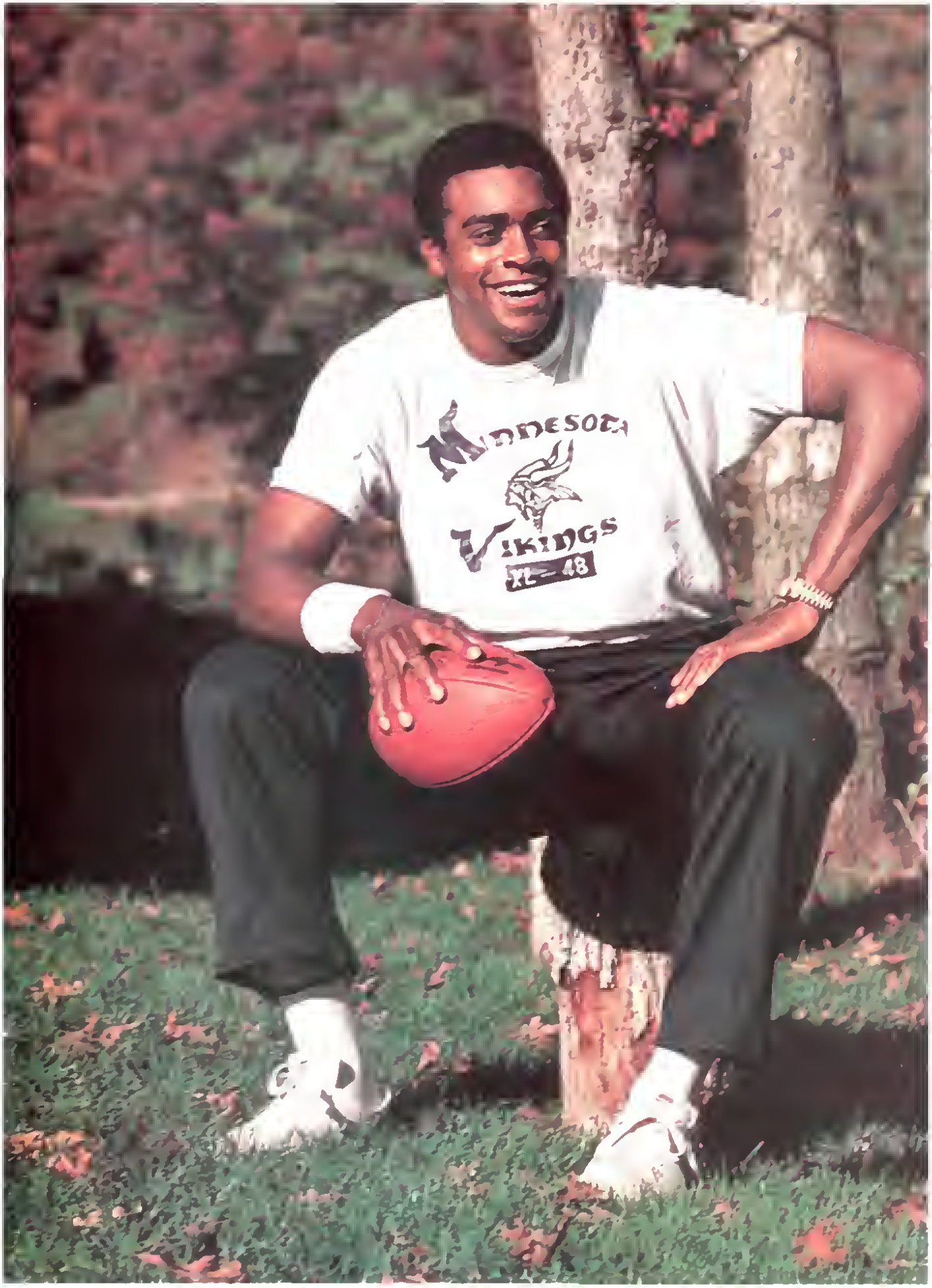
What's more, the Huskies' defense could only be described as unyielding. Said California Center Pat Brady, "They didn't beat us physically, but they really did confuse our quarterbacks [Gilbert and last year's starter, J. Torchio]. They'd show blitz and drop back. They would drop back and then blitz. Whatever we played them for they did otherwise." Twenty-four of the Huskies made at least one tackle, and except for California's last-gasp touchdown drive, Washington held the Golden Bears to six first downs, 63 yards rushing and 62 yards passing

Said Kapp, "In all my years in football I've rarely participated in that kind of butt kicking. Anybody with pride—and pride has to be a big part of football—has to have a real ugly feeling after a loss like that."

But James meant it as a compliment when he told Kapp, "Joe, you guys really got us ready to play." Ready to the extent that James's 5-year plan of using redshirts to bring a national championship to Washington seems firmly back on track. James even allowed that he might vote his Huskies No. 1 in the UPI coaches Poll this week. **END**

Washington frequently doubled its fun: Note the two 63s.




Minnesota
Vikings
XL — 48



Now in his 11th NFL season, Minnesota Viking Wide Receiver Ahmad Rashad has been selected to the Pro Bowl four straight years and currently stands fourth among active players in career receptions (472). Known as Bobby Moore when he was drafted in the first round out of Oregon by the St. Louis Cardinals in 1972, Rashad later played for the Buffalo Bills and the Seattle Seahawks before joining the Vikings in 1976. This summer, at the urging of Sports Illustrated Senior Writer Frank Deford, the 32-year-old Rashad began collecting on tape his thoughts about life in pro football. In Part 1 Rashad takes us through the early days of the Vikings' training camp, which are clouded over by the issues of chemical dependency and a possible players' strike.

JOURNAL OF A PLAGUED YEAR

by AHMAD RASHAD as told to FRANK DEFORD

THURSDAY, JULY 29: Who are these guys, anyway?

All right, Frank, here I go again, on the road to my 11th pro football season, my 11th training camp. It's funny, too, because in the last 10 minutes I've passed several old teammates on the highway, guys driving everything from pickups to Mercedes, and we waved but, really, I didn't have any great desire to see them. Understand: I don't mean I dislike those guys; it's just a matter of not knowing them.

People assume that just because you're on a team, you're tight with everybody. But this isn't the Foreign Legion. First of all, any football team is really two teams plastered together—the offense and the defense. And then the players are divided by age and race and status—you know, what position you play and how good you are—and when you take all that into consideration, a guy's lucky if he ever has more than a handful of really close friends.

continued

In a way, a season is always kind of a battle to see if the one thing that holds the team together—trying to win football games—can outlast all the factors that are pulling in the opposite direction. I'm really curious to see about this season, because we have two new special pressures working on us. First, there's the threat of a strike, and second, there's all the talk about NFL players using cocaine. It's common knowledge that the Vikings have had several guys go off to rehabilitation centers because of some form of chemical dependency, drugs or alcohol—or both. The teams that best handle these problems can really move up.

Even under the best of circumstances, it can be tricky being a part of a team. A couple of weeks ago I went into a photography store in Minneapolis and there was this big guy there, and you know what? He played on the Vikings. He'd been my teammate for several seasons. But I couldn't remember his name. I went back out to the car like I'd forgotten something, and I asked my girl friend, Diane, if she could remember the guy's name, but she didn't have a clue either. That was very embarrassing. A few months ago, I was quoted as speaking out against [Players Association Executive Director] Ed Garvey's 55% plan, and right after that I got a call from an offensive lineman. He was kind of trying to half-cajole me and half-scare me into becoming more pro-union, and I didn't mind that so much—like a lot of guys I'm pretty pro-union anyway; I'm just not very pro-Garvey—but the whole conversation left me sort of edgy, because even though we've played together for a long time we really don't know each other. I kind of felt like saying: Look, I'm sorry, but I gave at the office.



See, it may be my fault, Frank, because I just don't understand linemen. I understand women better than linemen. I simply can't figure out why anybody would want to play a position where you get beat all around and you don't even *touch* the ball. I've asked a lot of linemen about this, and they've given me answers about loving the game and all that, but that only confuses me more because I love the game, too, and the reason I do is that I get the ball and then I get to try to run away with it. That's the point. You know, when I was 11 years old I was already strictly an offensive specialist.

I found out early: It's very dangerous out there, Frank.

I have searched my psyche, and while there are still a lot of things I don't know about myself, one thing I'm positive of is that no part of me desires to be on a special team. And this may be why I've survived. But understand: I don't believe that football is violent. I wouldn't play if it was. It's a collision game. And the idea, I believe, is to avoid collisions. In all my time in the NFL, I swear, I've only taken three really hard hits.

Linebackers are the strangest guys of all. They go against human nature. They're people who just plain love to run into things. They'll hit you as you go by them the way other people shake hands. Before a game a couple years ago, I got carried away. To this day I don't know what got into me, but it was an important game, the band was playing, the fans were cheering, and I looked over and saw all the linebackers warming up, banging each other the way they do, and I rushed up to Scott Studwell and yelled, "Come on, baby, gimme a shot." And he did. He hit me so hard on my shoulders that my feet went numb—and you know how far your feet are from your shoulders.

As a consequence, I get a firm grip on myself before games now, so I won't ever do that sort of thing again.

Now what I strive to do, above all, is to get on a friendly basis with all linebackers, whatever their team, whether they're All-Pro or third-string. You never know. Jack Lambert [of the Steelers] and I were on a tour in Europe a few summers ago, and let me tell you, I bought a lot of drinks for Jack. At least with a guy like Jack you can see him inside his helmet. It's a little bit more reassuring that way. The problem is with these real dark black guys, because in a helmet you can't see much of them except their eyes. That Hugh Green in Tampa scares me the most of all. All you see is two mean eyes staring out. That's very disconcerting, Frank, very menacing.

I'm now coming into Mankato, a couple of hours south of the Twin Cities, so I'm going to have to stop taping. I don't want anybody to see me talking into this recorder because they'll think it's subversive. Anything you do different at a training camp is automatically suspicious, so I'm going to put this away now and concentrate on making a mean, ugly face. That'll show I've come *to play*. I've never really learned how to have a different face for the game from the one I've got for the rest of my life. I got thrown off a team in junior high for not wearing the right face.

But I'll tell you something about training camps. As much as I hate them, they're important. There are so many differences on a team that you could never manage to get through a whole season in a precision sport like football unless you had a camp in the beginning so you can tear everything down and be built back up as a team. The equivalent of spring training in baseball—where everybody lives a normal life in a hotel and goes to the beach after practice—just wouldn't work in football.

I almost forgot: Not only do I have to get my football face

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C MODRA

on, but I also have to get my first-day walk mastered. This is the same walk that every veteran player uses when he arrives in camp. It says: Look, I'm in great shape. And it's a terrific walk, but it takes some practice to get it straight.

Here's a thought for today: You can come into any pro football dining room and tell who the best players are. They're the ones who sit at the tables nearest the coaches. Security.

FRIDAY, JULY 30: Dean of the Vikings

I found out at the first team meeting last night that Ron Yary didn't come back. Now, you have to understand that football teams always have meetings. It's like that old joke: What's the difference between a drunk and an alcoholic? Drunks don't have to go to meetings. Really, we're all basically meeting-goers who play some football on the side.

But anyway, Frank, the reason it's worth mentioning that Ron isn't returning is that with him gone I'm the oldest guy on the team. Elder statesman. Dean of the Vikings.



And it occurred to me, lying in bed last night, that maybe Bud Grant will choose me to succeed Ron as the offensive captain. And I kept thinking about that, and suddenly I realized that I was thinking a lot about it because it must mean a lot to me. I would like to be named captain of the Minnesota Vikings because of the honor and for what it symbolizes—that I'm a leader and have a sense of responsibility—and even more for the fact that Bud would be acknowledging that these qualities exist in me.

It's like Fran Tarkenton told me when I first came to the Vikes, in '76: "Ahmad, if you can't play for Bud Grant, you can't play for anybody." And Fran was right. I may be 32 years old, but there's still an awful lot of little boy in me, and that sort of paternal recognition from a man I admire as much as I do Bud would mean a great deal to me—especially, I guess, because my own father was killed two years ago in an automobile accident. And so I lay there thinking about all that before I finally drifted off to sleep.

The trouble with teams is that they're constantly being turned over. There are only a handful of us left over from the last Viking team that played in the Super Bowl, in January of '77. And, suddenly, I'm an oldtimer. I'm a point of reference. It feels very strange—especially since the Vikings were an old team for so long. That's what makes it all the more weird that I'm the oldest guy here. Why, I remember, I used to go out with Mick Tingelhoff after practice—he was in his late 30s then and had been an All-Pro center half a dozen times—and he'd have a few Scotches. I mean, it was like commuting back to the suburbs after a hard day at the office. I always drank Scotch with Mick.

I can't speak for other teams, but I think one reason why we've had so many drug cases on this team is that Bud has always worked best with older guys. He treats you as a mature person, and, I guess, a lot of the younger players can't handle that.

Old as I am, though, I feel great. I've been playing a lot of tennis, I've lost weight and I'm in fine shape. I'm really more keyed up for this camp than I've been for any in the past few years. On the one hand, I know it's probably time for me to get out and get on with the rest of my life, but on the other, I keep telling myself that if I can just average 60 catches for the next three years I can break Charley Taylor's alltime record for receptions, 649. We'll see. Maybe the reason I feel so good this year is that I know, deep inside, that this will be the last season for me to enjoy my sport with the guys.

Today was the first day of one-on-ones, and it was blistering hot. We have three practice fields at our camp, which is at Mankato State University. There are cornfields all around. That's a law, Frank. That's an NFL rule: Four downs, no clipping, bring it out to the 20, put the training camps in cornfields. Bud even works it like a farm, rotating his crops. We move all around three fields, sometimes even lining up crossways, so as not to wear the grass down in the same places.

I was very pleased that Jerry Burns yelled at me today for the first time this training camp. Jerry is the offensive coordinator, and Tarkenton used to say that the only way he ever got through training camp was with Burns prodding him. Jerry screams at you with such flair that you feel like you're being honored.

Then, after practice, I went over to Jake's. It's a hangout. Jake's Stadium Pizza is the formal title. Through the years you could always be sure there'd be some players there you could have beers with after practice. Yet this year, I wasn't so sure. All the guys coming off treatment, all the publicity and the paranoia about drugs and drinking. You've got to remember, too, that in football they tag you very quickly; there's a lot of guilt by association. I worried that nobody would dare go to Jake's for a beer.

I was very wrong. We had a good group show up. Steve Dils, Dennis Swilley, David Huffman, John Swain, Terry LeCount, Sammy White—there were a lot of guys there. But best of all, Studwell was there, too. What was great about that was that Scott was one of the guys who'd had drinking problems, but he came along, like always—only now he was tossing down root beers and actually telling stories about

continued

what it was like to be at Hazelden, the rehab center. He said one time he was out on the front lawn, which runs down to a large lake, and a boat went by, and all the people on the boat held up beer cans and screamed at the patients. And Scott laughed harder telling that than all the rest of us with our beers. It's important that he came over to Jake's. Whether you happen to drink or not, you have to find ways to stay part of the team.

Bud has already told us exactly how the Vikings are going to deal with the drug problem. Very simple: If you're in trouble, the team will help you, and in confidence. But if you don't go for help and get busted, forget it. I don't think there can be any confusion. There never should be any with Grant. He's so straightforward it amazes me every time I hear him talk.

Curiously, though, there's been almost no talk about the strike. Maybe that's because all the cocaine talk has overwhelmed it. It was just this afternoon that I found out that Huffman has replaced Fred McNeill as our player rep. We've never been a strong union team, though. Tarkenton wouldn't even join. I think most of that goes back to Grant and the atmosphere that he creates. Most guys are happy on this team.



But I also can already feel the group ethic taking over. There's a sense of belonging that develops in training camp, but it fades once the season starts and we start going home after practice, instead of to Jake's. If Garvey wants to take us out, he'd be smart to understand that the best time to strike is while we're still living together and that the farther we move from camp, the harder it will be for him to retain unity. And if we do strike, you know who'll settle it? The wives.

Thought for today: When I came into the league, I thought anybody 32 was ancient. Naturally, rookies want to show up some old big name, and the new defensive backs all play me very hard. But lots of times rookies only imagine they've beaten a veteran. The kid's going all out while the veteran is secure and really isn't competing and may just be working on one phase of his game—like footwork.

SATURDAY, JULY 31: The Great Bat Caper

I room alone. I'm the only guy on the team with that privilege—not only here, but when we go on the road, too. This isn't because I'm the dean, either. It's just because when I was traded here six years ago I told Bud I'd like to have my own room and I explained why, and he said O.K. I told him that I need my freedom and that also I'd probably end up distracting any roommate I had on game days. I just can't get my face ugly. I can never focus myself entirely on the game until game time—and when it's over, it's over.

I don't think pro teams still make guys room together just to save a few bucks. It's mostly that old football thinking says that if you've got another player around, you'll be more involved with football. *Involve* is a big football word. If you have two guys in a room each can make sure the other gets to meetings. Also, it's more unlikely a player can smuggle a woman into his room if there's another guy there.

Actually, here at Mankato it's pretty easy to get women into the dorm. The Vikings only take up three stories of this dormitory wing, and it's 12 stories high. The rest is empty. It's not uncommon for me to bump into women in the middle of the night walking down the corridors. Some of them just wander in on their own, taking pot luck. Others, the guys pick up somewhere—most likely over at the Albatross. They just say to the girls, come on over to the dorm, go up to the fourth or fifth floor and don't say who invited you if you get caught. It's amazing the kind of chances young players will take these days—women, drugs, whatever. When I was a rookie, I didn't even dare laugh, except very quietly and never in a meeting.

I'm not a recluse or anything, it's nothing personal, but I was just never crazy about roommates. My first two years in the pros did me in. That was '72 and '73 at the St. Louis camp. I didn't have a regular roommate in either of those years, and they kept giving me the newest black guy to arrive in camp.

I say black guy, because that was a completely segregated team then, and the whites and blacks wouldn't even go into the same bar together, much less sleep in the same room. And so I'd get all these guys I didn't know whom they'd picked up on waivers somewhere, and these guys would say, "Hi, Home," and "Hi, Room," and all that jive stuff. One week they assigned me this character who had been in Vietnam. He was totally abstract all the time, a very tough cookie. I'd hide my music tapes way down in the bottom of my suitcase, underneath everything, and I'd come back in the room, and one of my tapes would be playing. He'd just look at me, daring me to ask him where he'd got the tape. I didn't ask much until one day he was taking something out of his suitcase and a gun fell out.

"What do you need that for?" I asked.

"You never know, man" was what he said. I agreed. The last I heard, that guy was in jail for armed robbery.

But there is some loner in me. I think that comes from my childhood. My father was a barber and he always worked, and we lived comfortably. I don't know any more about slums than the Brady Bunch does. Growing up, in fact, at

continued

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school and on teams, I was often the only black kid, and whereas I was certainly sometimes aware of racial discrimination, I was much more affected by a form of personal discrimination that was devastating to a child.

When I was six, I suddenly started developing huge, blood-filled bumps on my joints—fingers, elbows, knees—and on my ears. I was a real freak, and, worse, the growths could be extremely painful. My mother pleaded with me not to play sports because whenever I made a few catches, the sores on my hands would burst and spill my blood all over me. I couldn't even wear jeans like all the other kids because the denim was so strong and abrasive that it would break the sores on my knees. The crueler kids called me Bumpy or Raisin Ears, and somehow it made it all the worse that the same guys would choose me first in all the pickup games. But, as soon as sports were over, everyone would shun me. I began to stay more to myself. I concentrated on my studies or just stared at the walls and wondered whether I could ever wear a ring or whether any girl would ever even hold hands with such a grotesque human as Bobby Moore.



I saw doctors from all over. I mean, they were fascinated with me. I was a terrific exhibit. No one could figure out what the problem was. The medical people would talk in front of me as if I were some object, not a person. I can still remember, when I was 12, having a nurse nod toward me and spell out L-E-P-E-R. Just because I had bumps all over, she didn't think I could spell a two-syllable word when I was 12 years old?

But then, not long after that, a doctor just took to cutting the bumps off me and after a while the damn things just stayed away, as mysteriously as they had come in the first place.

I often wonder how deeply the whole experience must have affected me. I have to be different than almost all other football players, because most of them grew up so strong and healthy that they think their bodies are invincible. Sometimes it really amazes me that those six or seven years didn't leave me emotionally disturbed. Probably it helped that we had such a strong home and that I lived in such an atmosphere of faith. My parents were strict Pentecostals. We went to church all the time, and it was a measure of their trust and love that when I turned to Islam in college, they weren't dismayed. Oh, sure, they were disappointed that I'd left the Pentecostal church, but they were happy and proud that I'd cared enough about religion to examine the subject and to remain a religious person.

Of course, at first my becoming a Moslem frightened some people who didn't know me well. I think they expected me to put on robes and ride around Oregon on a camel. And, let's face it: All the *Black* Muslim publicity was terribly alienating to many people. Myself, I don't see how you can be a black—or a white, or an anything—in the worship of one Almighty God.

In the past decade it has helped me gain acceptance that all those Arab oil sheiks have been in the news, because now names like mine don't seem quite so unusual. Of course, this doesn't mean that everybody gets it straight. I got an autographed picture the other day from [tennis star] Stan Smith. Now I've gone down to Hilton Head, where Stan and his wife, Margie, live, and I've played doubles with him, and my major tennis goal in life is to beat Margie, and here comes this picture inscribed to "Rahmad Rashad." Some people hear my name and think I'm that great French Canadian hockey player, Henri Richard. It's very common for people to call me Ramada. I figure O.K., it could be worse. They could call me Best Western. All I ask is that you try. Poor Don Coryell, who coached me one year when I was with the Cardinals, he just couldn't get my name right. Finally, I took him aside and said, "Look, Coach, don't worry about it. Now don't tell anybody I told you this, but you can still call me Bobby." I mean, he was trying, going all out.

Actually, Frank, I'm very lucky. I don't have a roommate, but my next-room neighbor in camp is Jim Hough, one of our offensive linemen and one of my favorite guys on the team. The Huffer shares his room with 3,000 pounds of weights and with Rick Danmeier, who's our kicker. Like a lot of kickers, Rick's a worrywart. He has stomach problems. Of course, it doesn't help any kicker that pro teams always keep lots of kickers around training camp because they can hold the dummies and do useful things like that. Some toe gnes back to East Cupcake and he tells everybody he lasted in the NFL till the last cut, but more often than not that's because the team he was with just needed some extra bodies in camp. You can't have the good players run every play in practice and hold the dummies, too, and for a body trying out it only costs the team $300 a week plus room and board.

Of course, it does cost a team a lot to keep its players in food. That's another reason to keep extra toes around during training camp. They don't eat nearly as much as the guys without necks. Linemen eat everything. My father—like a lot of fathers—used to tell me to eat everything I took on my plate, but the thing about linemen is, they *put* everything on their plate so then they can eat it all. Our dining hall here at Mankato State looks like a high school cafeteria, only there's lots of everything. There isn't just one meat. You get a wide

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spectrum of starches. And the linemen will always take something of everything. In fact, they will take a great deal of everything, and then they will eat and eat and eat. And when they're finished, they say, "Well, I guess I'll get some ice cream too." And they do.

The Huffer is one of the great eaters. He's super strong. A couple of months ago, I went with him and Studwell to Las Vegas for the NFL team arm-wrestling championships. Don't worry, I wasn't there as an alternate or anything. They wouldn't even allow a wide receiver to try out for that kind of competition. I was just there as one of the TV announcers. Jim and Scott did pretty well, too. They beat every team in the league except Joe Klecko, who was like a one-man team for the Jets. Honestly.

And so tonight, after another good dinner, the Huffer killed a bat. And he brought that dead bat to the offensive meeting that Jerry Burns was running. Now as tough as Jerry is, he's scared of little animals—especially bats, because there has been a story in the newspapers about how bats have been transmitting some terrible disease, infecting humans, even, possibly, football coaches. So Hough takes his dead bat and he puts it in the film can next to the projector.



Burns comes in then and goes to the blackboard before he goes to the projector, but unfortunately at this point Greg Coleman enters the room. Greg is our punter, and like all the guys who kick, he has a lot of time on his hands, and so often he'll drop in on meetings and run the projector. We immediately all start signaling Greg not to touch the film can, but he doesn't catch on. He opens it up, and right away he sees the bat, and he almost faints and runs out of the room. Well, naturally, Burns turns around and wants to know what the hell all the commotion is, and damn if someone isn't quick enough to say that somebody made a bad smell and drove Coleman right out of the room.

Burns grumps at that, and after a while he finishes at the blackboard and walks over to the projector. As we all hold our breath—he opens the can and sees the Huffer's dead bat, and he just about jumps out of his skin. Naturally, we all exploded with laughter, and then he went from frightened to mad and started screaming about bats infecting everybody all over Minnesota. "I'm serious!" he's screaming, "I'm serious!" But the Minnesota Vikings' offense is laughing so hard you can hardly hear him. Aren't we something, Frank? Aren't we mischievous? Aren't we bored?

It seems positive now that Ron Yary won't be coming back, and while I wouldn't admit it to anybody, I know how much I really want to be captain.

Thought for today: Darrin Nelson is a great draft choice. He reminds me of Floyd Little, only he's quicker and even more compact. Long-legged running backs don't last long in the NFL. It's extremely dangerous to have long legs and be a running back.

SUNDAY, AUG. 1: Run that play again, Coach

It's been so hot that the practice schedule was changed today so we could avoid the worst heat of the day. Yesterday, before the times were changed, we had three guys go down with heat exhaustion, and two of them had to go to the hospital to have saline solution put into their systems intravenously. One of them was this huge rookie named Curtis Rouse, who's a guard and an 11th-round draft choice from somewhere down South. He weighs 300 pounds, but damn if he can't move. I mean, he's really agile. It's amazing how much this game has changed just since I've been in the league. The players are so much bigger now—and stronger and quicker as well. There's a guy on our team named Bill Stephanos, a tackle, and he's not even a starter, but he reminds me exactly of the type of player who was All-Pro a decade ago.

This season we're going to play our games in the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in downtown Minneapolis. When it was built, the air conditioning was not completed, and the Twins have been sweltering all summer long. Now all anybody can talk about is whether it'll be a caldron for us football players with 60,000 people stuffed in there.

Of course, this is ironic, because everyone invariably associates Minnesota with cold weather. Fact is, the hottest I've ever been in my life was also right here, in the season opener early in September two years ago. It took so much out of me that, near the end—and it was a close game—when a pass was thrown to me I literally couldn't raise my hands to try to catch it. And worse, I didn't even care. The thing is, in football you must learn to play under all conditions, however unpleasant, because fatigue is such a factor in football that you're going to be struggling, even under ideal conditions.

Something that often happens to me when I'm beat is that I'll flank to one side, even as I realize I'm supposed to flank to the other. I'm just too tired for my mind to get my body to go where I know I'm supposed to go. Fans always ask me why teams don't play the two-minute drill all game long, because most teams do well during those times. The answer is, simply, that it's exhausting enough just doing that for two minutes, much less trying it for a whole game.

I think fatigue is more of a factor in football than in other

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One way to see you get the best car possible is to pick it apart before it ever gets to the showroom, much less to your driveway. Because we know if we don't nit pick our quality, you'll pick someone else's car.

That's why Ford Motor Company and the UAW have established over 800 Employee Involvement Groups, like this one, in 65 plants across the country. Their purpose, to identify problems and solve them before they become problems for you.

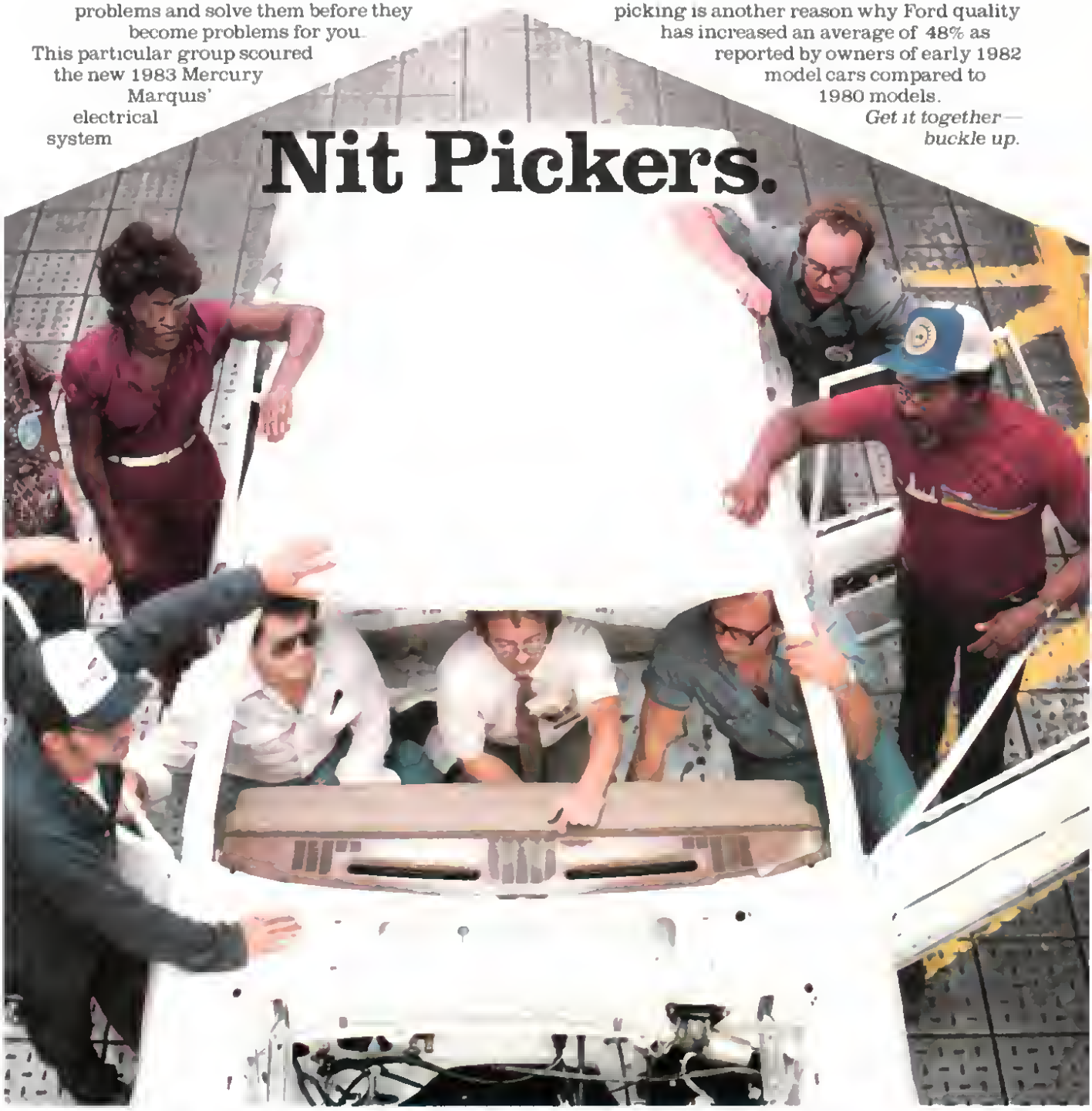
This particular group scoured the new 1983 Mercury Marquis' electrical system for flaws. Months before any '83 Marquis was scheduled to roll off the line at Ford's Chicago Assembly Plant.

In fact, they've already made 25 good suggestions to further improve the quality of the new 1983 Marquis. And Ford Motor Company management has adopted every one of them.

Now they're working on ways to improve on the improvements. This kind of nit picking is another reason why Ford quality has increased an average of 48% as reported by owners of early 1982 model cars compared to 1980 models.

Get it together—buckle up.

Nit Pickers.



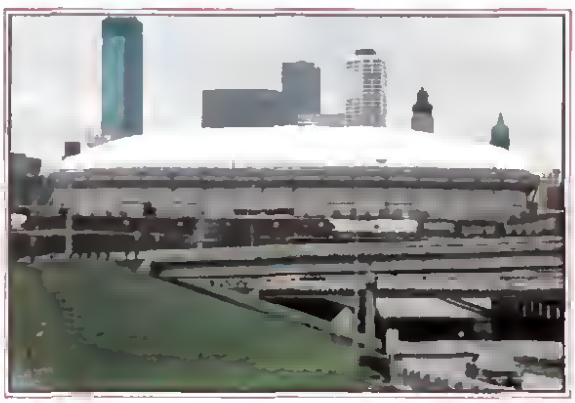
Ford
Mercury
Lincoln
Ford Trucks
Ford Tractors

Quality is Job 1.

Ford

sports, because if you combine the precision required and the collisions, you establish another, higher level of stress. That's one more reason why training camp is so important. We all fall into habits when we're tired, and if you've developed good habits in camp, then you have a better chance of falling back on them, by instinct, when you get weary.

Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, where we used to play, is a grand old place. The Met. It looks like some deserted hulk now. Grass is coming up all over the parking lot. It's sad. I knew that field better than my own house. If you're any good as a receiver, you scout fields. You look for dead spots. I found out long ago that the best footing is often where they paint the lines. I learned to make my cut on the lines. You leave a lot of cornerbacks that way. My favorite place at the Met was down around the six-yard line at the south end of the field. For baseball, the third-base coaching box was situated there, and for some reason there was a little hump in it. Nine times out of 10, if you could back your man in there, he'd slip down. The best use I ever made of that spot was once when Fran threw me a fade. I not only backed my man down, but I was also able to use that little mound like a springboard, and I just soared away for the catch.



Then, at the opposite end, very near the end zone, there was a low, slushy spot, and I could run a post route in there and—literally—give my man the slip. I loved that old place.

You've got to be a lot smarter to play the game today. You've got to know all the tricks. Instincts won't get you by anymore. But it's not anywhere near as mean out there as it used to be. Guys just won't tolerate the dirty stuff anymore, the clotheslining and all that. I think maybe we just came to understand that we couldn't survive the way we used to play. We're way too big and fast now, and collisions on artificial turf are all the more devastating than those on natural fields.

This doesn't mean, however, that the prize intellects in the country are now playing NFL football. Frank, you would be amazed—America would be amazed—at how few players can carry a play into the game from the sidelines. That's one of the great unknown comedies in the game.

I don't have to bring any plays in myself. A wide receiver, as Bud knows, needs to stay in the game. You work on a defensive back, running different patterns, different speeds—not unlike a pitcher setting up a batter. People see me catching a pass without any defender around, and they say, hey, I could've caught that. And they could've, only they couldn't have spent the previous 11 plays setting up the defensive back so that they could be wide open on that one.

So I stay in the game. I don't get a chance to louse up bringing the play in. Of course, you would think that college graduates—or, anyway, guys who sat in some college classrooms—could remember eight or 10 words for about 30 yards. Unfortunately, there are a lot of counterdynamics at work, all calculated to make a guy forget the message he is carrying.

For example, as soon as the coach says tell the quarterback to call this play, the guy carrying the play in immediately starts thinking what *he* does. Let's say he's supposed to tell the quarterback to call Flanker Right 62X and Flanker Fly, which is a pass. Let's say the guy carrying the play in is a running back. All he starts thinking about is what pattern he runs on that play and in what direction. By the time he gets to the huddle, he knows exactly what he's supposed to do on Flanker Right 62X and Flanker Fly, only he doesn't remember what the play is so he can go do it.

Or this happens. A guy runs in with the play. As he runs, he keeps saying the words over and over to himself, the way you do with a new telephone number when you're looking for a pencil. Then, as soon as he gets to the huddle, before he draws another breath, he spits it out: Flankerrightsixtytwoxandflankerfly. He's so relieved to have done his job, the whole thing goes right out of his mind. Only the quarterback didn't hear it clearly, so he says, "What?"

Another reason the guy bringing the play in gets it wrong is that he knows—he *knows*—that everyone in the huddle wants him to get it wrong. This is because they always get it wrong when they bring one in. Besides, if anyone screws up on a wrong play, then you can blame the poor sucker who brought it in. So, you get it wrong to satisfy peer pressure. Isn't it wonderful to be in the NFL, at the height of your profession?

But now, at last, the quarterback actually has to call a play. He heard *something* from the messenger, and confidently, his steely blue eyes glaring, he says, "Split Left X and Flanker Stick 52," which sounds close enough to Flanker Right 62X and Flanker Fly. Only there ain't no such play as Split Left X and Flanker Stick 52. But the quarterback says it great, and we've all been trained to be robots in the quarterback's huddle, so when he claps his hands and says "Break!" we all dash up to the line and do whatever comes to mind on the nonexistent Split Left X and Flanker Stick 52. Luckily, I'm the split left part. I split *far* left.

The kicker, too, is that when the coaches show us the films, they always say, "What play was that?" and seven guys give seven different answers.

One of the best ways to amuse yourself around here is

watching the rookies try to get Bud Grant's eye. You see, they don't know that he figures there are too many new guys on the squad for him to try to get to know them all, so he doesn't bother with any of them. Bud's strength is that he runs the overall show and lets his coaches coach. I remember one time I came out of a game after making a catch, and he walked over to me and said, "I remember, I caught a pass just like that once." He was just reminiscing in a sort of dreamy way, and all around him there was this football game going on. So these poor kids pass him and he doesn't acknowledge them at all, and they figure: He doesn't know me, I'm gone tomorrow.

And then, what did I do tonight? I came into the Albatross, where I was going to meet Sammy White for a couple beers, and he was late, so I sat down next to this kid at the bar. I knew he was a Viking, so I bought him a drink and started telling him all the things that happened at the offensive meeting today, and he just sat and nodded and said yes every time I asked him if he wanted another drink.

And you know what? He's on the offense. It must have broken his heart that I didn't even recognize him, but he didn't have the nerve to stop me. I just kept telling him all the things he had just been through.



We did have another good meeting, though, even if it wasn't up to the standards of the dead bat meeting. You see, if you're a player, the most brownie points you can get in a meeting come from saying, "Coach, can you run that play back?" Guys usually do that when they're watching another team and want to see how an old college buddy did or something. But the coaches think it shows that you're really *involved*. Tonight, though, there was one play where the film had obviously been broken. All you saw was the team lining up, then bang, just like that, a touchdown was being scored. Nothing in between. But this rookie receiver from Temple named Gerald Lucear, who had probably been told by some wise old veteran to be sure to say, "Coach, will you run that play again?" said, "Coach, will you run that play again?" Burns went wild. He screamed, "Lucear, the film is broken, as any blankety-blank can plainly see," and that brought the house down. Of course, you've got to understand, Frank, that once you've been stuck here in Mankato a few days, the laughs come very cheap.

Thought for today: One thing you must never do in football is pronounce the word *route* as *root*. You have to say rout. If you say root, they come down all over you and make you out to be a complete fool, like you can't speak a word of English.

MONDAY, AUG. 2: The first black head coach

They had a union meeting last night, but only about half the team attended. There just isn't that much interest. More of the guys would rather put on their Brut and head on over to the Albatross, where the ladies are. Priorities. I asked Huffman today about what went on at the meeting, and he had a statement that he wanted me to sign, which said that I would go out on strike if a majority of the team voted to. I declined for now. Frankly, I'd probably go out if the team voted to, but I still have so many misgivings about Ed Garvey and all that 55% stuff.

Another reason why there's not much talk about a players' strike around here is that we're all talking about a coaches' strike. You see, we open the preseason schedule Saturday in Canton, Ohio against the Colts in the Hall of Fame game, and it turns out that while the players get extra money for this game the coaches don't, and Bud and his staff think that's wrong, so they've been saying that maybe they'll have to strike. Don't take this lightly. Bud Grant was like the original free agent—he jumped to the Canadian league from Philadelphia when the Eagles wouldn't pay him enough.

So today I was interviewed on the subject, and I said that since I was the oldest veteran, if Bud struck, then I thought I should take over and be the first black coach in the NFL. Now I was speaking tongue-in-cheek and I went on and said we'd have chicken and watermelon for the pregame meal. But my straight remarks got picked up and went out over the wires, and obviously, from the reaction, I must have hit some kind of a nerve.

It's pretty hard to excuse the fact that, in a league where about 50% of the players are black, there are no black head coaches—not even any black offensive or defensive coordinators. Trouble is, it's a vicious circle. Because there aren't any black head coaches, then potential black head coaches shy away and go into some profession where they feel they have a chance. The whole problem is further compounded because some teams feel obliged to hire token black coaches, and likely as not some of these guys aren't qualified—I had one like that in college—and so the white guys on the team only experience an unqualified black coach, which further reinforces the assumption that there just aren't any qualified blacks around who can coach.

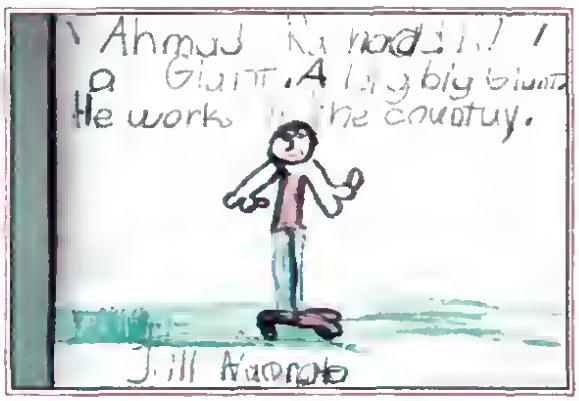
You asked me once, Frank, if I didn't feel proud, as a black man, that in pro football, as in so many sports, a disproportionate number of the players are black. I've tried to remember, and I honestly can't recall any time when a bunch of us blacks sat around and gloated. I'm in competi-

continued

tion against so many blacks that if I stopped to be proud of us as a group I'd lose my job as an individual.

The one thing that does get my dander up as a black in this game is the way [Tampa Bay Quarterback] Doug Williams is singled out for criticism. I think he takes a helluva lot more heat than he would if he were a white quarterback. I can't believe it when I hear people saying Williams throws the ball too hard. You never hear that about Terry Bradshaw or Joe Ferguson. And it's nonsense to start with. I'm paid to catch balls. Saying a quarterback throws a ball too hard is like saying a wide receiver is too fast.

I swear, I believe I'd rather have some out-and-out racist deal with me than be patronized. I'm reminded of a joke that I once heard: What's the difference between a black man and a nigger? And the answer is that a nigger is a black man who just left the room. I think one of the reasons that the drug problem in the NFL went undetected for so long was that the league had this ridiculous arrangement where they sent two guys to talk to the players. One was a white man who dressed in normal clothes and talked in a normal voice, while the other was this very "hip" black fellow who spoke all this put-on soul language. I didn't understand him half the time. Let me tell you: If I had ever had a drug problem, there's no way I could've gone to the NFL for help, because it was apparent to me that the white drug rep wasn't supposed to deal with blacks, and that street-wise black rep could have absolutely no rapport with me. Somebody ought to advise the NFL office that not all of us black football players grew up in the ghettos of New Jersey.



A personal note for you today, Frank. There's been a running back named Doug Paschal on the team the last couple years. Very nice guy. He went to North Carolina, and I don't have to tell you that your novel, *Everybody's All-American*, was about a North Carolina running back. The Grey Ghost of Chapel Hill. Doug had read your book, so Dils and me and a couple other guys who are reading it now started calling him The Ghost. Which he loves. So, just thought you'd like to know you're here in Mankato in spirit, which is the best way to be here.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3: Drugs

Tommy Kramer has issued an ultimatum to the press. No more questions about his alcohol problem and his rehabilitation. I think that's fair. The subject has been talked to death, especially since I never thought Tommy had as much of a problem as it was made out to be. There's a tendency to scrutinize athletes too closely. On top of that, anything a quarterback does is blown even further out of proportion. And Tommy is an extrovert, too.

Tommy has a fondness for singing country and western songs. One time last year he'd had a few drinks and he stood up and started singing with the band at one of the biggest hangouts in Minneapolis. You can imagine what that did to his reputation. I told him later he just couldn't do that sort of stuff, and while it certainly showed how seriously he took the situation when he agreed to treatment last March, I think what really rehabilitated Tommy was a pretty lady named Carrie he married in June. America's sweethearts: the handsome quarterback and the blonde beauty. Tommy'll be all right now.

I know we've always had our carousers, our Bobby Laynes and our Joe Namaths, but I really come from a different era, a time when athletes were expected to be self-disciplined, when they could walk past booze and cigarettes—drugs were so far out then they weren't even an issue—when belonging to a team meant you were part of something special, of an elite, and social sacrifices were gladly made. That's the way I grew up as an athlete. And that's all changed.

Football, the NFL, is part of the culture now, and it can only reflect our society. So much of what goes on these days is a function of age. I don't want to be too specific here—don't ask me names—but there was one Sunday in the last five years when I happened to drift into a young player's hotel room a few hours before the game, and there he was with his roommate and a couple other guys ready to get into some coke that was lined up on the TV set like a salad bar. The point of this story isn't primarily to shock you with those facts; much more interesting were the reactions of those involved. The kids were absolutely blasé about the whole thing and simply couldn't understand why I was so upset. Myself, I was so stunned at the scene and their attitude that I staggered back to my room and called my old friend O.J. Simpson, and I just babbled on to him for 20 minutes. "O.J.," I kept saying, "what the hell is happening?" I almost missed the team bus.

Look, I'm no angel, but understand: It really has changed. Remember we used to call those scruffy guys beatniks? Well, in a way, the beatniks have won. They beat the athletes. It's a different attitude now. You can't order this generation of players *not* to do things. You can't kick the bad apples off a team, the way you used to. And maybe that's good. Certainly it's fairer. And the pressure to win is greater, so the owners and the coaches will tolerate more. And probably that's not so good. And the peer pressure is very great on teams

that are made up of young men. Remember that, too.

But I'm old-fashioned enough to say one more thing. I read where my old Viking teammate, Carl Eller, came out and said that one of the reasons he got all caught up in drugs was because they gave him something comparable to the high he got from sacking a quarterback. I find that hard to believe. I think that the players who have drinking or drug problems got messed up because of what is missing in their lives seven days a week—not just Sunday afternoons. Being part of a team and making a sack or catching a touchdown pass—that gives you a high beyond all others. Nothing artificial can replace it.

Thought for today: I was just thinking, it's hard to believe but less than two weeks ago I was on vacation in Vail with Diane, playing tennis, having the time of my life. I love tennis. I know this sounds crazy, but sometimes when I'm up in the air, just about to catch a pass over the middle, it actually crosses my mind: Gee, it would be nice to be a tennis player and not have any linebackers on the court.



WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4: Rookie fashions

Two union representatives showed up today to brief the team on the strike situation. One of them was Alan Page, who's a lawyer and who, of course, played so many years for the Vikings. Unfortunately, Page and Bud Grant always had something of a strained relationship, so I was watching very carefully when Bud first ran into Alan today.

Bud walked straight over to where Alan was sitting to shake his hand, but Alan barely reciprocated. He was so rude he didn't even bother to get up.

Our own player rep is a very fair guy, by the way. Huffman doesn't force anything on you. He presents the situation and then lets you make up your own mind, without any cheap duress.

Thought for today: I am getting very anxious about our first road trip day after tomorrow, when we fly to Canton. There is, you see, one body of opinion that holds that the Super Bowl is the high point of any season. Others of us know, however, that the apex is the first road trip when we get to see how all the rookies dress up. Bud, you see, makes everybody on the team wear coats and ties when we travel. The sexy stuff that has been all the rage on the dance floor at the Albatross stays behind on hangers, and we get to see the real sincere wardrobes. Some guys look like they're auditioning to sing back-up for The Temptations, others like they just now got in from the prom. The trouble is, some of these guys have necks that are so big they really don't have necks—and they just don't make clothes without necks. It takes about five minutes for a 265-pound lineman in his Sunday best to have his clothes all jumbled up. My favorite football-player fashion has developed since wide ties went out of style. What some guys do is tie those old chest warmers around their necks backwards, so that the wide side is under, and then they tuck the wide side inside their shirt, and wear the thin side out by itself. Stylish.

THURSDAY, AUG. 5: X marks the spot

The staff won't strike, and so Coach Rashad's career has ended before it started. But, as a player, I'm starting to get a little keyed up for Saturday. It's not just NFL propaganda that preseason games aren't exhibitions. You really can't play football half-speed and half-assed except for one game every year: the Pro Bowl. I've made the last four of those, and my favorite part of every Pro Bowl is when somebody runs a punt back for a TD. It's not just me. In the Pro Bowl nobody wants to be on the special teams. All the wide receivers want to be X.

The way almost every team is aligned, the three receivers are X, Y and Z. Y is the tight end. X is the wide receiver who lines up as the other end, away from the tight end. Z is the flanker who lines up technically as a back. The other difference between X and Z is that Z has to do much more blocking. That's the best part of being X all the time.

Thought for today: The funny thing is that you go to training camp to get into shape, but I'm sure I drink more beer at Mankato than I do the rest of the year put together. You lock a bunch of grown men up and make them thirsty working in the summer sun, and what do you expect?

FRIDAY, AUG. 6: The Hall of Fame

I like an end cut of roast beef, and so today in Canton when the team gathered for lunch, I went to the kitchen, the way I often do, and asked for an end cut. Usually, the way it works out, they bring you that first, and it looks like I'm sort of a big deal getting special treatment. There were some guys grumbling about that today, so I laid it on pretty thick and told them how O.J. always got fed first when he was at Buffalo, that that was just the way it was with superstars. Later, when the waitress was bringing in the vanilla ice cream, I called to her as she passed me by and said that I was supposed to be served first.

Well, she keeps on going, but a couple minutes later she comes back and apologizes to me and and says she's very sorry, she didn't realize I deserved the honor. Well, I should've known something was up, but I was putting on airs so much, I just dug right into that ice cream. Just before I

continued

Buicks. What they have in



Through the years, Buicks have been honored to occupy rather special places in many American hearts and driveways.

And, we're happy to report that although a lot has changed recently, that hasn't. People still view ownership of a Buick as a singularly good idea.

Perhaps because Buicks are, as always, uncommon cars. Built with a common philosophy. Based on an enlightened notion which holds that a car can be at once both elegant and efficient.

Better mileage. Better miles.

In the past 9 years, based on an analysis of EPA estimates, Buick's average fleet EPA estimated MPG figure has increased by 68%.

What's really at the heart of it is a rethinking of the automobile. One in which both operating efficiency and space efficiency are top priorities.

Take the trim Skylark for example. Its standard power comes from a very economical 4-cylinder engine. Which accounts in great part for its impressive gas economy.

But to assure that the people inside have plenty of room, it's fitted with front-wheel drive, which eliminates the large bump, formerly caused by the transmission, and the engine is mounted sideways so it won't impinge on passenger space.

However, the Skylark isn't designed just to give you the kind of room you expect from a Buick. It's also a matter of interior fittings. That's why you'll find that the fabrics used in the Skylark Limited are the same ones used in the posh Electra Limited. A small thing, perhaps. But it does give you an idea.

		EST HWY	EPA EST MPG	EST HWY RANGE	EST DRIVING RANGE	FUEL TANK CAPACITY
BUICK SKYHAWK	1.8 Liter L-4#	46	28	625	380	13.6
BUICK SKYLARK	2.5 Liter L-4	42	27	613	394	14.6
BUICK CENTURY	2.5 Liter L-4	39	24	612	377	15.7
	4.3 Liter Diesel V-6#†*	44	27	730	448	16.6
BUICK REGAL	3.8 Liter V-6*	30	21	543	380	18.1
	3.8 Liter Turbo V-6	29	18	525	326	18.1
	4.3 Liter Diesel V-6#†*	36	25	712	495	19.8
BUICK LESABRE	3.8 Liter V-6*	27	19	675	475	25.0
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	34	23	884	598	26.0
BUICK ELECTRA	4.1 Liter V-6*	29	18	725	450	25.0
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	36	22	936	572	26.0
BUICK RIVIERA	4.1 Liter V-6*	29	17	612	359	21.1
	3.8 Liter Turbo V-6#†*	27	16	569	337	21.1
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	36	21	821	479	22.8

Use the estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and range lower. Estimated driving and highway range obtained by multiplying mileage estimates by fuel tank capacity. *Estimates and range lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details. †Buick projection of 1983 EPA estimates. See your Buick dealer for actual EPA estimates. #Optional.

Official Car of the XXIIIrd Olympiad Los Angeles 1984

BUICK

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common sets them apart.

of what we think o Buick should be Regordless of the size

Even more exemplory of the way we do things is the Skyhawk It's the smallest ond lightest Buick But it's olso very luxurious and roomy And it's the product of one of the industry's most sophisticated ond demonding quality control programs So everything fits beautifully Including you

Sticking our nose into aerodynamics.

Across the Buick line, the look is cleon Crisp. Tailored. Smooth, yet ongulor. So thot air is guided up, over, under and around the cor with a minimum of turbulence Thot, of course, means less air resistance which oids fuel economy

Two noteworthy exomples of this relationship between oerodynomic efficiency ond visual oppeal ore the rokish Buick Regol ond the Buick Century

The Century, incidentolly, is ane of the most oerodynomic Buicks ever

And even cars like the roomy, elegant full-size Electro ond LeSobre have been designed with o keen eye toward aerodynomics

An outstanding choice of engines.

Under the hoad, you'll find Buicks have o lot in common too Namely, diversity

Look at the chort on the lower left side of this od, and you'll see some of the choices As well as the impressive EPA figures they generote

By this time, you should be getting the idea thot o Buick con be toilored to olmost any criterio imaginoble But lest there be o speck of doubt remaining, we'd like to present two more innovative pieces of engineering.

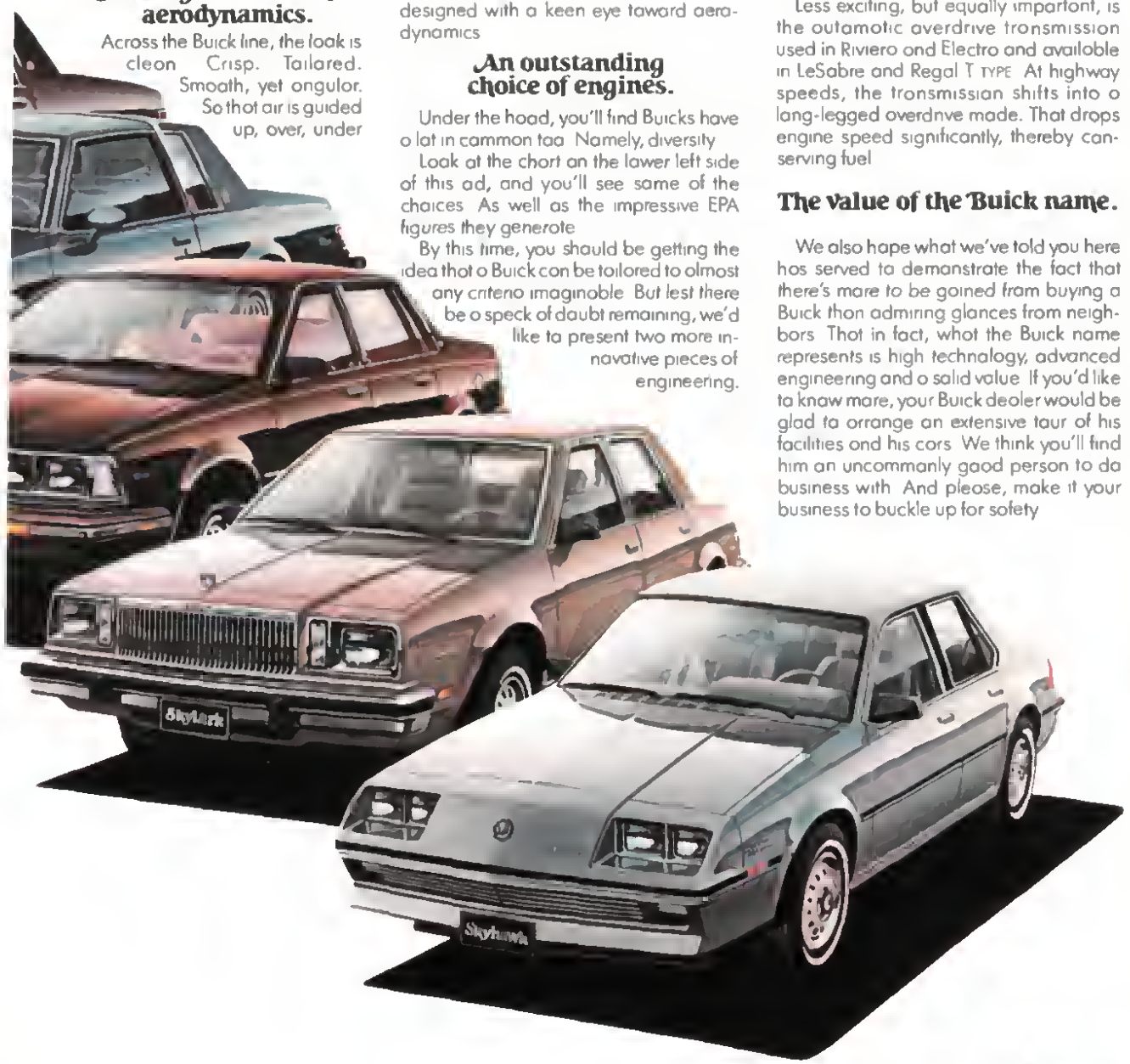
Turbocharging and overdrive.

In the mid-seventies, we introduced the concept of turbochorging to the V-6 engine Formerly found mostly in exotic rocing mochinery, or breothtokingly expensive foreign cars, we mode it hoppily at home in the mid-size, V-6 powered Regol T TYPE Now it resides not only there but in the Riviera T TYPE as well

Less exciting, but equally important, is the outomotic overdrive tronsmission used in Riviero ond Electro and ovoiloble in LeSobre and Regal T TYPE At highway speeds, the tronsmission shifts into o long-legged overdrive mode. That drops engine speed significontly, thereby conserving fuel

The value of the Buick name.

We also hope what we've told you here hos served to demonstrate the fact that there's more to be goined from buying o Buick thon admiring glances from neighbors Thot in fact, whot the Buick name represents is high technology, advanced engineering and o solid value If you'd like to know more, your Buick dealer would be glad to orrange an extensive tour of his facilities ond his cors We think you'll find him an uncommonly good person to do business with And pleose, make it your business to buckle up for sofety





swallowed it, I looked over and there were Bud and the other coaches at their table about to burst. Another second and I knew why: They'd scooped out the ice cream and filled the dish with butter. I ate a huge big mouthful of butter.

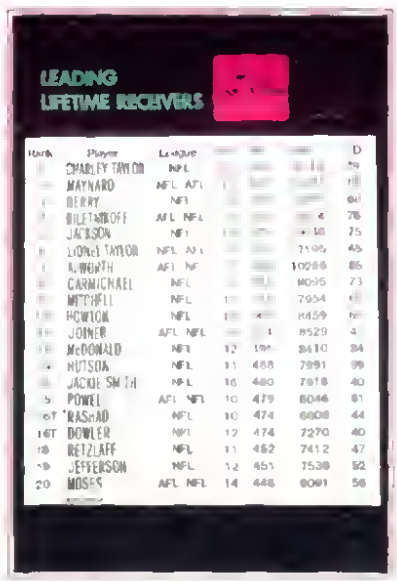
The coaches exploded in laughter, and the whole room picked it up as soon as they realized what had happened. Coaches are children too—and I'm going to get them back.

This morning, before the meal, some of us went over to visit the Hall of Fame and I saw the jerseys of a lot of my idols hanging there: like Raymond Berry and Charley Taylor. I was really touched, too, because I found my own photograph in there. I thought: Sure, it's nice that I'm seeing my own photo in the Hall of Fame, but you know who I'd really like to see it? The kids I grew up with. The kids you knew when you were a kid too are always the hardest ones to impress for the rest of your life, no matter what you accomplish, aren't they?

A few years ago I was back in Tacoma, where I spent most of my childhood, and I saw an old buddy and he asked me if I knew Fran Tarkenton. "Sure I do," I said.

"Aw, come on," he said, "you don't really know Fran Tarkenton." He wouldn't believe it—and at that point I'd played on the same team with Fran for two or three seasons.

Anyway, besides my picture, they also have a list posted in the Hall of Fame naming the top alltime receivers in pro football. I'm No. 17, exactly 177 catches behind Taylor. I was looking at this, and all of a sudden, from out of nowhere, Bud Grant came over and stood next to me. For a while he didn't say anything. He just stood there. Then he pointed his finger at Taylor's name. "See that No. 1?" he asked. I nodded. "You can do it," he said, and then, just like that, he turned and walked away. Just like that. Just like him. I was very touched.



This afternoon we had our annual National Anthem practice. Bud has this before the first game every season. If you've ever watched the Vikings when *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played, you've noticed, I'm sure, that we looked sharper than any other team you'd seen. Well, this is the reason. We practice. There are two reasons for this. First, Bud believes that the more things you do together as a unit, the better you'll perform together when playing football. And second: It is simply important to him that we look good when the anthem is played. I've never seen any player mock him for it, either. Bud doesn't have a lot of petty rules, and this is one of only three or four things he really cares about. And he doesn't mess around either. The rookies are required to learn the lyrics and sing along, and any spectators in the stands during the anthem practice must rise to attention, just as they would if it were a real performance.

Bud put [Linebacker] Matt Blair and myself in charge of getting everybody squared away for the anthem. What's interesting about that—and you bet it went straight to my mind—is that Matt's the defensive captain and, therefore, if Bud selected me to work with Matt, then I must be . . . But, no, not a word.

Thought for today: I saw a program with the Colts' roster. This is a first for me in all the time I've been in the league. I didn't know a single player on the Baltimore team. Maybe it really is time for me to get out of here.

SATURDAY, AUG. 7: A gesture of confidence

In the last couple days there has been a lot of talk about a plan whereby the players would meet in the center of the field just before the kickoff and shake hands with the opposing team. It would be a dramatic gesture of unity. The idea took on added importance here because our game with the Colts is the traditional preseason opener, on national TV, but we decided finally to reject the proposal because we'd never informed Bud and the other coaches about what we were considering. I think a lot of us felt that no matter how closely we identified with the players association, it had been a mistake not to keep the coaches abreast of our plans. And so, at least for this game, we tabled the idea. I don't think I would have participated anyway.

Merlin Olsen is here to be inducted into the Hall of Fame, and a lot of the younger players have seen me chatting with him. Shortly before we went out to play, one of them wanted to know where I knew Merlin from. "Well, you know," I said, "I played against him a lot." The kid wouldn't believe me. Neither would some of the others. They looked at me like I was ancient. If I'd told them I'd played against Red Grange or Whizzer White, they wouldn't have been more incredulous. Another zinger for me—right?

And then, as we were sitting there, getting ready to go out on the field and warm up, Bud came into the locker room. He spotted me, walked over, tapped me on the shoulder and said simply, "You're the captain." That's all. Just like that. Just like him.

Despite all that was churning inside me, all the excitement and pride, I just raised my head and said, "O.K." Just like him.

NEXT WEEK:

In Part II, Rashad takes us through Minnesota's five exhibition games to the brink of the 1982 season and the players' strike

Latest HLDI Overall Injury Claim Experience:

GM CARS RATED BEST AGAIN!

1979-81 Models with the BEST* overall injury claim experience

(A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average.)

Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
✓Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec.	Large	59
Mercury Marquis	S W	Large	61
✓Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser	S W	Large	62
✓Pontiac Catalina	4 Dr.	Large	64
✓Oldsmobile 98	4 Dr.	Large	65
✓Oldsmobile Cutlass	S W	Medium	66
✓Chevrolet Caprice	S W	Large	67
✓Buick LeSabre	S W	Large	69
✓Buick LeSabre	4 Dr.	Large	69

Source: Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI)
Car Sizes. Large Wheelbase greater than 111 inches,
Medium Wheelbase greater than 101 and less than or equal to 111 inches
Small Wheelbase less than or equal to 101 inches
Body Styles. S W = Station Wagon Spec = Specialty

1979-81 Models with the WORST** overall injury claim experience

(A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average.)

Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
Dodge Challenger	2 Dr.	Small	160
Plymouth Sapporo	2 Dr.	Small	148
Datsun 200SX	2 Dr.	Small	141
Toyota Corolla	2 Dr.	Small	138
Datsun 210	2 Dr.	Small	136
Toyota Corolla Tercel	2 Dr.	Small	134
Dodge Omni	2 Dr	Small	134
Plymouth Champ	2 Dr.	Small	132
Honda Civic	2 Dr.	Small	131

All results are stated in relative frequency of injury claims. HLDI defines relative frequencies of less than 70 as "Substantially Better than Average" and greater than 130 as "Substantially Worse than Average"

*Relative frequency of 69 or less **Relative frequency of 131 or more

The Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI) is a non-profit public service organization associated with The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. As it did last year, HLDI summarized its findings on the frequency of automotive insurance claims.

HLDI finds that of the nine car models identified as having "Substantially Better than Average" overall injury claim experience, eight are GM cars (✓).

Just as important, no GM cars are in the overall "Substantially Worse than Average" category.

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Let us remind you . . . drive carefully and buckle up!

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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Crowned on Coronation Drive

by Kenny Moore

Robert de Castella of Australia won a thrilling marathon in Brisbane

Out of Africa, the finest runners come unannounced, astonishing in their sudden completeness. Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia led them, barefoot down the Appian Way, winning the gold medal in the marathon at the 1960 Rome Olympics. Kip Keino and Henry Rono of Kenya, Filbert Bayi of Tanzania and Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia followed with their world records and Olympic medals. And last Friday morning, as the XII Commonwealth Games marathon began in the clear, still dawn in Brisbane, Australia, Lieutenant Juma Ikangaa of the Tanzanian army set out to join that illustrious East African brotherhood.

The 6 a.m. start was to spare the runners Brisbane's often severe sun, but the heat wouldn't have mattered to Ikangaa. In his first marathon, just seven weeks earlier, he had won the African championships in Cairo in 2:12:05 on a humid, 87° day. Now he led the Commonwealth field of 38 across the Victoria Bridge and through downtown Brisbane, where hundreds had risen early to cheer.

De Castella overtakes Ikangaa for good.



The pace was swift, 14:45 at 5,000 meters. (In his world-record run of 2:08:13 in New York City last year, Alberto Salazar averaged 15:12 for each 5,000.) By then, 25-year-old Robert de Castella of Australia, who has run history's second-fastest marathon (2:08:18), had dropped 24 seconds back. Ikangaa was accompanied only by his teammate, Gidamis Shahanga, 25, the defending champion, who already had won the 10,000. A junior at Texas-El Paso, Shahanga is long-legged, with a stride that resembles Salazar's in its low knee lift. Ikangaa, by contrast, is short (5′ 3″, 119 pounds) and chesty, and has a free, exuberant running action. He seemed impatient, bolting ahead on the early hills, acknowledging the crowd. Shahanga was serene. He never duplicated Ikangaa's little bursts but always stayed near. It seemed the unknown Ikangaa was simply a pacemaker for Shahanga, especially because Ikangaa claimed he was only 18 years old.

The course was strewn with hills, and none of the runners thought the final time would be better than 2:10:30. None save Ikangaa. "All week I read in the paper on only Shahanga and de Castella," he said later. "But this isn't boxing. There are more than two in a race. I was running to show that, and to chase the world record."

De Castella was not. His aim was to win the race. He had expected the Tanzanians to go early, and his tactic was to ignore them, run evenly and charge the last six or eight miles. "It's dangerous to blast out too hard under the humid conditions we had," he would say. "I was sweating a hell of a lot." So de Castella drank from every aid station—the Tanzanians drank from none—and he thought about the hills to come. "I counted on 'em," he said.

De Castella is a lab technician at Australia's Institute of Sport in Canberra. He is known as being unflappable, and he and his coach, Pat Clohessy of Melbourne, had built his race plan around that trait in de Castella's character. "We talked about waiting and relaxing," said Clohessy. "The Tanzanians were magnificent up front. He knew he'd have to put in a terrific effort, but not yet."

After eight miles, near Brisbane's airport, the course turned back on itself. The two leaders saw that a pack consisting of de Castella, New Zealand's Kevin Ryan, Scotland's John Graham and Graham Laing, and Marios Kasianides of Cyprus had crept to within 30 yards. "That must have shocked them," said Ryan to de Castella as they watched Ikangaa and Shahanga surge away again.

At halfway the Tanzanians were 40 seconds ahead in 1:03:50 (Salazar was 1:04:10 in his record run). By 30 km their lead was 58 seconds, "and daylight second," said Tim Lane, the Australian TV commentator. It was now clear that Ikangaa was no rabbit. He had Shahanga on the ropes. "The pace was so high," Shahanga would say. "It was the hardest race of my life." Ikangaa was still smooth and light, still accelerating into the hills.

With eight miles to go, de Castella left the pack and drove out on his own. In the next 5 km he gained 20 seconds. At that rate the race would end before he could catch up. "There was no panic," he said later. "It would have been easy to say I'll never make it, but I didn't give up hope. I tried not to feel anything, only to get a good tempo, one I could pound out."

De Castella suffered a sideache with five miles left. "But I gritted my teeth and ran through that," he said. At 5′ 11″, 155 pounds, he's a stiff-backed runner with the most powerful thighs of any world-class marathoner. "And his arm action looks as if he's tearing jungle undergrowth out of his way," said David Miller of London's *Daily Express*.

Ungainly or not, de Castella was coming. And as his pace quickened, he finally lifted these Commonwealth Games to a level that approached their splendid history. They had given us Bannister vs. Landy in 1954, Clarke vs. Keino in 1966, Walker vs. Bayi in 1974. But in Brisbane, missing such stars as Rono and Sebastian

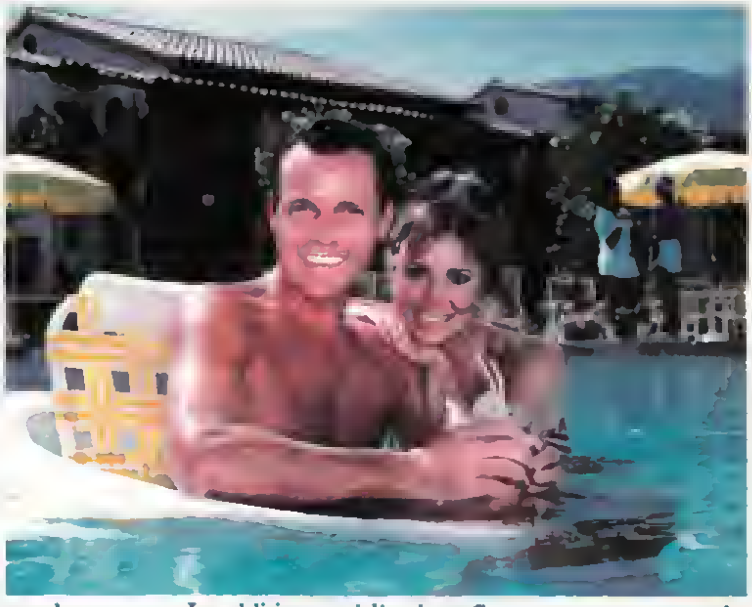
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report, December 1981.
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Low tar

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The finish photo was accurate to .001, but Wells (left) and MacFarlane tied in the 200.

Coe and Steve Ovett of England, the XII Games had begun to seem notable only for their curiosities. One was the 200 meters. Scotland's Allan Wells, the 1980 Olympic 100 champion, and England's Mike McFarlane finished in a dead heat at 20.43, inseparable by a finish photo accurate to nine-thousandth of a second.

Another puzzle, turning to amazement, was how Steve Wray of the Bahamas, a junior at Southern Illinois who hadn't made the finals of the NCAA high jump, kept raising his personal best, from 7′ 3¼″ to 7′ 4½″ to 7′ 5¾ to 7′ 7″, despite painfully limping from the pit after each clearance. "Fallen arches and strained ligaments," he said. "It's not helping." Finally, Wray and NCAA champion Milt Ottey of Canada and Texas-El Paso tried the world record of 7′ 8¾″ in the dying light. Only Wray came close. Ottey won on fewer misses. Texas-El Paso got its third gold of the Games when Jamaica's Bert Cameron won the 400 in 45.78, the time slowed by the strong wind that consistently killed the chance of records or helped so much that they were illegal. For example, Keith Connor of England and SMU would have had the second-longest triple jump ever with his leap of 58′ 5¼″ had the wind not been 10 mph, more than twice the allowable velocity.

Also illegal, under a disturbing Commonwealth Games Act rushed through the Queensland State Parliament in March, was anything the police said endangered the smooth running of the Games. In particular, the statute was aimed at discouraging demonstrations on behalf of the aborigines, who are seeking to gain land rights in Queensland. Civil rights were sharply curtailed. A few demonstrators with tickets made it into Queen Elizabeth II Stadium on the second day of the track events, but all were arrested when they tried to fly an aborigine flag. Convictions could bring $2,000 fines or as many as two years in jail.

A good deal of what passed for debate on the subject had an eerie, upside-down ring. Queensland is referred to as Australia's "Deep North," and much of the aboriginal discontent is attributed to "Southern Stirrers" from Melbourne and Sydney. The Queensland Minister of Aboriginal Affairs, Ken Tomkins, blithely said that in his experience aborigines "sort of catch birds, goannas [lizards] and fish, and don't need very much money. I don't think they're advanced to the stage where you can give them freehold land because they wouldn't know what it was."

By the time Ikangaa reached the hills by Queensland University, he had rid himself of Shahanga. Ikangaa looked so good, waving at runners still on the outward journey, staring almost with disdain into the lens of the television camera on the truck preceding him, that he seemed capable of standing off any challenge.

With 2½ miles remaining, Ikangaa, now on Coronation Drive, alerted by the crowd, turned to check his lead and looked into the chest of de Castella, only 10 yards behind. De Castella smiled. As he passed, he looked away from the smaller man, his face remorseless. But instead of dying, Ikangaa attacked. The usual racing reflex would be to shadow the leader to the final stretch, saving energy for a kick. "I passed him because I had to find out how strong he was," said Ikangaa. He found out. Twice Ikangaa sprinted ahead, only to have de Castella battle back even, and then regain the lead. Ultimately de Castella strode joyously to a 2:09:18 victory, 12 seconds ahead of Ikangaa. Behind them Shahanga had to walk and finished sixth in 2.14:25. Mike Gratton of England came through the field for third in 2:12:06.

"Next time will be even faster at the beginning," said Ikangaa. "When I trained, I wasn't used to sprinting the last two miles. I will correct that. You must not think I am disappointed to lose. If I were unhappy about that, I wouldn't be a good sportsman."

For de Castella, the win was confirmation that the careful training he has done for years with Clohessy has brought him to surpassing strength. He has never been injured—"most trees aren't," said a friend. Brian Lenton—and his pace judgment is uncanny, the halves of his race being 1:04:30 and 1:04:48. "I believe I can run under 2:07 eventually," said de Castella, not knowing that Salazar has an eye on such a time in next week's New York Marathon.

"I reckon it was the greatest marathon ever," said Ron Clarke, "allowing for the hills." These things are hard to know, but de Castella's performance was certainly good enough to give his camp an appetite for a race with Salazar. "I just wish they'd broadcast this to America," said de Castella's wife, Gayelene Clews, gesturing with a pink carnation. "Then they'd really be worried."

De Castella allowed that a fine occasion for a meeting with Salazar would be the world championships next August in Helsinki. But he spoke mildly, already saving his fierceness for the next time. For those last eight miles. **END**

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HERE'S TO THOSE WHO CAN MAKE HISTORY OUT OF THE SAME 12 NOTES.

Until his late twenties, Philip Glass was a typical bright young composer. Foundations showered grants on him for writing music in a conventional, somewhat imitative style.

Then, Glass found his own style. Its roots lay in eastern as well as western music, and it was fresh, original and unexpected. In music circles, it was unacceptable. All the grants stopped.

But that didn't stop Glass. He found other ways to fund his work. One was driving a taxi.

Today, the music establishment has changed its tune. Philip Glass is considered one of the foremost serious composers in America, with an audience so large and so diverse it even includes rock fans.

Success hasn't made Glass any less of a maverick. But for all the traditions he breaks, there's one he respects. At the end of the day, he enjoys a Cutty Sark.



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Hang in there, Wildcats

Who's the latest victim of insatiable Northwestern? Minnesota, no less

by Craig Neff and Rick Telander

"One in a row! One in a row!" Northwestern University football fans had chanted two weeks earlier while gleefully uprooting the goalposts in Dyche Stadium, marching them 1½ miles to Lake Michigan and tossing them in. Their Wildcats—the athletic jetsam of the Big Ten—had just ended the longest losing streak in NCAA history at 34 games with a 31–6 defeat of Northern Illinois. "Now we know how to win!" yelled second-year Wildcat Coach Dennis Green to reporters. "Now the players feel like they can be good!" Against Northern Illinois, anyway. The following week Northwestern lost 45–7 to Iowa. The school bought new goalposts, and the fans began counting losses again.

But this time they never reached two. In last Saturday's cold, rainy homecoming game at Evanston, with two-thirds of the 49,256 seats in the stadium empty, the Wildcats made heavily favored Minnesota look like, well, Northwestern. With the Gophers handing over three fumbles and two interceptions, Northwestern came back from a 21–3 deficit for a 31–21 victory—the Wildcats' first Big Ten conference win since 1977. Diplomatically, Minnesota Coach Joe Salem, whose team had entered the game with a 3–1 record, said, "They beat our butts good." Less diplomatically, when asked about the significance of Northwestern's victory, he sighed, "It means we're terrible." Old reputations die hard in Big Ten territory.

The Gophers *aren't* terrible, however—they led the Big Ten in both rushing and passing offense going into the game and were No. 2 in the nation in total offense—and that's why the Northwestern spectators deposited another $3,000 goalpost in Lake Michigan after the victory. The sophomore-dominated Wildcats held Minnesota to just 67 yards rushing and 77 passing and, if not for two first-half fumbles of their own, might have won in a rout. Northwestern's 2–4 record is its best early-season mark in seven years. Is the joking over?

None of the Wildcats, of course, has ever found any humor in the team's historic ineptness. They had been humiliated by buttons, passed around before the Northern Illinois game, that said: KEEP IT ALIVE AT 35. The excuse that Northwestern's high academic standards hindered recruiting was just that—an excuse. Said junior Cornerback Roosevelt Groves, a dual major in industrial and nuclear engineering, before the Northern Illinois game, "At this point a win is almost as important to me as getting my diploma."

Green and Athletic Director Doug Single, who had come to Northwestern from Stanford, were on the verge of quitting their jobs in frustration before that first victory. "I don't know how much longer we could have gone on," says Green.

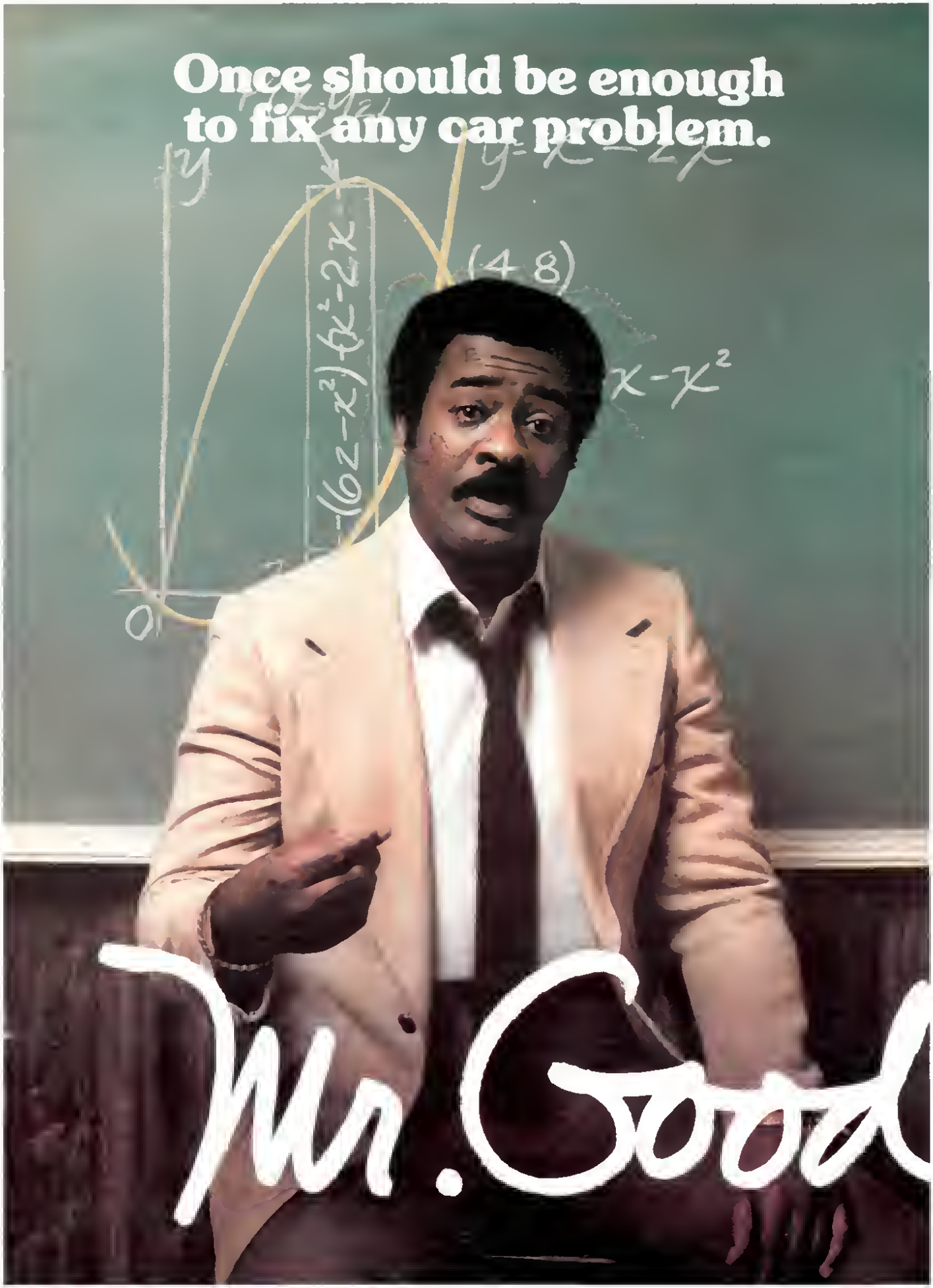
The program Green and Single inherited in 1981 was in worse condition than they could have imagined. The team had won only three of its last 61 games and was 21 losses into its streak of 34. "I couldn't believe it when I first got here," says Green, 33, who had been an assistant both at Stanford and with the San Francisco 49ers. "We had offensive linemen weighing 218 pounds, players who were weak, players out of shape. Stanford is a tough academic school, too, but we had exceptional players there who had come in because of past successes. You can't let things get out of hand at schools like Northwestern or Stanford. Somebody dropped it here."

Green has instituted an intensive weight-training program for his players and recruited far more heavily than his predecessors, John Pont and Rick Venturi. Says Wildcat Inside Linebacker Coach Mike Church, nothing if not a realist, "We've told our young players, 'You're going to take a lot of licks for a couple of years. You're going to get your faces knocked off. But then, things will change.' " From tackle to tackle Northwestern's offensive line now averages 260 pounds, and its defensive front is nearly as large. "We hit people," says Church. "I understand Iowa had a lot of folks out the Monday after we played them."

Single, an aggressive fund raiser, has come up with $9 million in donations in the last 18 months to help restore an en-

continued




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tire athletic program that had reached its nadir: Last year Northwestern finished eighth in the Big Ten in wrestling, ninth in basketball and dead last in cross-country, indoor and outdoor track, swimming, golf . . . and football. Already the locker and training rooms at Dyche have been remodeled, the basketball arena is being redone and the athletic department offices smell of new carpeting. The football team has new uniforms, helmets, warmups and, yes, goalposts.

And new faces. With 50 seconds remaining in the first half on Saturday and Minnesota ahead 21–3, the youngest of them, freshman Quarterback Sandy Schwab, son of West Coast discount-brokerage millionaire Charles Schwab, threw a six-yard touchdown pass to Tight End Jon Harvey to bring the Wildcats back into the game. Consider it a sign of change that the highly recruited Schwab, a 6′ 2″, 185-pounder from Piedmont, Calif.—Green's old stomping grounds—chose Northwestern over, among others, UCLA. In the Wildcats' opening game, a 49–13 loss to Illinois, he came in for the second half and threw for 187 yards and two TDs. He hasn't stopped since, completing 97 of 185 for 1,113 yards in six games.

Green also found a 5′ 9″, 175-pound flash of a halfback, senior Ricky Edwards, gathering dust on his bench. Green gave Edwards, a communications major, the first start of his three-year varsity career against Northern Illinois, whereupon Edwards, formerly a kick returner, gained 177 yards on 29 carries and scored four touchdowns, tying a school single-game scoring record shared by Otto Graham and Mike Adamle. Against Minnesota he rushed for 147 more yards on 28 carries, and his three pass receptions gave him 22 for the season, the most on the team.

As the second half began, under brightening skies, Edwards and Schwab moved the Wildcats 80 yards in eight plays with Edwards sprinting untouched down the left sideline for a 20-yard TD. "Edwards does a very good job at bouncing outside," says Green. The coach himself was bouncing up and down just three plays later when Wildcat Linebacker Mike Guendling intercepted a pass at the Northwestern 22, returned it to the Minnesota goal line and fumbled it into the end zone, where teammate Rich Raffin fell on it for a touchdown. Suddenly the Wildcats led 24–21.

It was 31–21 after Raffin himself intercepted a pass late in the quarter and Schwab followed it with a one-yard scoring plunge. Lest anyone think Northwestern is sacrificing its academic reputation in its drive for athletic respectability, be aware that Raffin, a senior majoring in electrical engineering, scored higher than any player in history on intelligence tests given to him by three NFL teams.

The game ended with the Wildcats still up 31–21, and the final stats showed that Minnesota had gotten but two first downs in the entire second half. "We're not on the bottom of the world," said Tim Salem, son of the coach and one of three Gopher quarterbacks who played against Northwestern. "We're beneath it." Which is the kind of attttude that prompts Green to say, "All we want to do is show we can play Big Ten football and big-time football."

Says Wildcat placekicker and philosophy major Rick Salvino, who had booted four extra points and a 32-yard field goal against Northern Illinois and had another four PATs and a 41-yard field goal last Saturday, " 'You secrete your essence through time'—Jean Paul Sartre. You could have been this, you could have been that, but in the end you're nothing but your actions." These days, even at Northwestern, that sometimes means you're a winner.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST "If they beat us, they're going to have to pass to do it," Baylor Coach Grant Teaff said before taking on Southwest Conference co-leader Southern Methodist. The Mustangs win on passes? C'mon, Grant, everybody knows there's no way to harness SMU's Pony Express tandem—Eric Dickerson and Craig James, who were, respectively, second and 12th nationally in rushing average. It turned out, though, that Teaff knew whereof he spoke. At halftime the Mustangs had gained only 13 yards in 20 runs, and they trailed 13–0 because the Bears had gotten two field goals from Ben Perry and a one-yard scoring run from Allen Rice. What corralled the Pony Express was Teaff's calculated switch from his usual 4–3 defensive alignment to a 6–1 in which the ends were moved to tackle positions and the outside linebackers up to the line as ends for the Bears.

Baylor's 6–1 did its job—Dickerson wound up with 73 yards, James with 22—but, as predicted, the Bears were vulnerable to passes. SMU Quarterback Lance Mcllhenny exploited that weakness in the second half. Although completing only seven of 16 passes, Mcllhenny made three pay off for touchdowns to give the Mustangs a 22–19 victory.

"We didn't hold up our end of the bargain," Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer said of his team's disappointing 2–2 record, which was why the Texas game was not on national TV for the first time in five years. Fullback Weldon Ledbetter gained 144 yards in 20 rushes and scored on runs of 15 and 59 yards as Oklahoma ran for 384 yards while scoring once in each period to topple unbeaten Texas 28–22. The Longhorns lost even though Robert Brewer passed for 235 yards.

Leonard Harris of Texas Tech ran back the opening kickoff 83 yards to the Arkansas 11. Thereafter, the Razorback defense hog-tied the Red Raiders, who made nothing or lost yardage on 39 of 76 plays, gained only 36 yards in 37 rushes and lost 21–3. Texas Christian defeated Rice 24–16, and Houston beat Texas A&M 24–20.

SOUTH Penn State's 42–21 loss at Alabama was a real kick in the pants. There was Ralph Giacomarro of the Nittany Lions, all set to punt with 4:48 left in the game. There was Mike Suter, who was back to protect the punter. Simple enough. Except that Suter, who usually doesn't play on the punting team, blocked the wrong person, backing right into the path of Giacomarro, whose kick ricocheted off his teammate and back toward the Penn State goal. Two plays after the Tide got the ball at the 12, Halfback Linnie Patrick went around right end for six yards and a touchdown. That, plus a two-point pass by Quarterback Walter Lewis to Jesse Bendross, gave Alabama a 35–21 lead. On the first play after the ensuing kickoff, Linebacker Eddie Lowe of the Crimson Tide intercepted a Todd Blackledge pass and raced 31 yards for another TD.

That sudden turnaround blew open what had been, for the most part, a taut game. 'Bama had scored first on a four-yard run by Lewis, only to have Halfback Curt Warner knot the score by turning a Blackledge pass into a 69-yard scoring play. The Tide led 21–7 at the half and 24–21 early in the fourth quarter. And Blackledge again had the Nittany Lions on the move. He had a third-and-one at the Alabama 45 when End Russ Wood of the Tide made a spectacular tackle. Warner, sweeping left behind blockers, seemed to be on his way to picking up a vital first down, but Wood knifed between two blockers, under a third and tripped him up for a three-yard loss. That's when Giacomarro came in to make his ill-fated punt. Blackledge passed for 234 yards as he made good on 20 of 36 attempts. But he

also had four of his throws picked off. Lewis repeatedly dipped, dodged and dashed out of the hands of would-be tacklers, rushing for 86 yards and connecting on nine of 14 passes for another 96.

Alabama rooters are accustomed to winning, but that hasn't been true of Vanderbilt fans. Which is why most of the crowd of 39,726 in Nashville wouldn't leave Vanderbilt Stadium until the Commodores returned for one last cheer after shocking Florida 31–29. For Vandy, it was the first Southeastern Conference victory at home since 1975. Most of the Gators' 540 yards in total offense (to 400 for Vandy) came from Fullback James Jones, who rushed for 146 yards, and Quarterback Wayne Peace, who hit on 28 of 36 passes for 285 yards. Whit Taylor of the Commodores connected on 30 of 47 throws for 287 yards and two touchdowns.

Georgia matched Alabama's 2–0 record in SEC play. The Bulldogs ran for 304 yards, 149 by Herschel Walker on 24 carries, as they defeated Mississippi 33–10. Walker scored three times and broke the conference record for career rushing by increasing his total to 4,158 yards, 123 more than Charles Alexander had when he finished up at LSU in 1978. Georgia's Kevin Butler tied an SEC mark with a 59-yard field goal.

More superb kicking—on both field goals and punts—gave Tennessee a 24–24 tie at Louisiana State. Fuad Reveiz of the Vols, who earlier had booted two 38-yard field goals, concluded the scoring with a 52-yarder with 2:07 left. Tennessee's Jimmy Colquitt, who went into the game with a 48.5-yard punting average, second in the nation, averaged 53 yards on five kicks. The Vols, behind 24–14 early in the fourth quarter, capitalized on a freak fumble by Tiger Quarterback Alan Risher. The ball slipped out of his grasp when he cocked his arm to pass. Five plays after End Mike Cofer recovered that fumble for the Vols, Quarterback Alan Cockrell hit Wingback Darryal Wilson with a nine-yard TD pass to cut LSU's margin to three points.

No, that wasn't Rameses IX, the ram that is North Carolina's mascot, who battered through Wake Forest's defenses for 368 yards rushing as the Tar Heels won 24–7. Most of Carolina's slambang running during the Atlantic Coast Conference game was done by Tailbacks Tyrone Anthony (179 yards on 24 carries) and Kelvin Bryant (142 yards on 29). Clemson also stuck mainly to the ground, grinding out 492 yards while routing Virginia 48–0. In nonconference games, Maryland defeated Indiana State 38–0, Georgia Tech beat Tulane 19–13 and Duke was edged by Virginia Tech 22–21. The Gobblers' Todd Greenwood completed a 49-yard touchdown pass to Allan Thomas with 33 seconds left, and then a two-point conversion pass to Mike Shaw. There was no such suspense in Tallahassee, where Florida State hounded Southern Illinois into seven turnovers in a 59–8 romp.

continued



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4.	SMU (5–0)	5
5.	ARIZONA STATE (6–0)	6
6.	ALABAMA (5–0)	9
7.	PENN STATE (4–1)	4
8.	NEBRASKA (4–1)	7
9.	N. CAROLINA (4–1)	8
10.	ARKANSAS (5–0)	10
11.	NOTRE DAME (4–0)	11
12.	WEST VIRGINIA (4–1)	16
13.	SOUTHERN CAL (3–1)	15
14.	UCLA (4–0–1)	12
15.	FLORIDA STATE (4–1)	20
16.	ILLINOIS (5–1)	—
17.	MIAMI (4–2)	14
18.	FLORIDA (3–2)	13
19.	LSU (3–0–1)	19
20.	BOSTON COLL. (3–1–1)	18

* Last week

EAST George Radachowsky of Boston College signaled for a fair catch of a punt, but dropped the ball, and it was recovered by West Virginia at the Eagles' 13 with 1:26 to go. Three carries by Tom Gray netted 11 yards. West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler then faked to Fullback Ron Wolfley, kept the ball and went around right end for the TD with 25 seconds left to finish off the visiting Eagles 20–13.

Widener, last season's Division III champion and ranked No. 1 with a 4–0 record this season, had the ball late in the fourth quarter in a 10–10 standoff at Gettysburg and was on the Bullets' four, first and goal. By scoring, Widener could extend the longest winning streak in all college ball to 18 games and run its string of regular-season victories to 40. It wasn't to be. One yard from pay dirt, Fullback Mike Forward fumbled. Brian Barr, Gettysburg's freshman safety, plucked the loose ball out of midair and galloped 86 yards to the Widener 13. Four plays later, Mike Ercole plunged the final yard for a TD that gave the 3–2 Bullets a 17–10 upset.

Another pick-it-out-of-the-air fumble recovery enabled Penn to win 24–21 at Brown. The big play began when Tim Chambers, who had fielded a punt, had the ball jarred from his grasp after an eight-yard return. Teammate John Waterfield grabbed the loose ball and ran 53 yards for a third-period touchdown that closed out the scoring. Penn, 1–9 last year, thus remained unbeaten, was alone at the top of the Ivy League and—at 4–0—was off to its finest start since 1968. Columbia knocked Princeton out of a tie for first in the Ivy, 35–14, as Quarterback John Witkowski frustrated the Tigers' stunting by calling more than 50% of his plays at the line. Witkowski helped the Lions end a 10-game losing streak by completing 24 of 40 passes for 316 yards and four TDs. Harvard beat Cornell 25–13, Yale stopped Boston University 27–24 and Dartmouth lost 24–16 at William & Mary.

WEST "Even though our two-minute offense hadn't produced anything all year, I was confident," Arizona State Quarterback Todd Hons said. What figured to make scoring even tougher than usual was that, instead of two minutes, there were just 49 seconds left against visiting Stanford when the Sun Devils got the ball at their 20, trailing 17–14. But Hons hit on four of five passes for 79 yards and then sent Fullback Tex Wright over from the one to pull out a 21–17 victory. Stanford's offense, which was ranked fourth in the country, was up against an Arizona State defense that was No. 2, and the defense carried the day. The Cardinal's 240 yards in total offense was 53 yards above the Sun Devils' average yield, but far below Stanford's average of 479.5 yards. John Elway of the Cardinal was 18 for 33 for 209 yards, thus breaking the Pac-10 career passing record of Washington State's Jack Thompson by one yard, with a total of 7,819 yards.

Washington roared past California 50–7 (*page 34*). UCLA tied Arizona 24–24 on a 36-yard field goal by freshman John Lee with two seconds to go. Tom Ramsey of the Bruins passed for 345 yards as he completed 29 of 43 attempts. Oregon State tied Washington State 14–14 to end a string of 14 losses.

Crossing the bar was no problem for field-goal kickers from Northern Arizona and Nevada-Reno, who combined for nine. That set a Division I-AA record and is believed to be an all-time single-game high for NCAA competition at any level. Northern Arizona's Mark Diamond was on target from 40, 51, 39 and 42 yards out. But Reno prevailed 24–12 as Tony Zendejas, after two misses, was successful on kicks of 25, 35, 52, 24 and 38 yards.

MIDWEST It was the old make-'em-sweat-it-out ploy. But instead of fretting when Miami called time-out with 16 seconds remaining, Notre Dame field-goal kicker Mike Johnston "just stood there, looked and tried to visualize kicking it straight off the tee." When play resumed, Johnston's visualization became reality and his successful 32-yard attempt with 11 seconds left made the Irish 16–14 winners. That left Johnston nine for nine in field-goal attempts this year. Early in the fourth quarter, the Hurricanes had scored on a 79-yard Mark Richt-to-Rocky Belk pass that put Notre Dame behind for the first time in four games this season, 14–10. Johnston, who earlier had kicked a three-pointer from 29 yards out, cut the deficit to 14–13 with a 42-yarder.

From start to finish, the Purdue-at-Illinois matchup was an aerial duel. The Illini shot in front 14–0 after only 4½ minutes, Tony Eason collaborating with Fullback Mike Murphy on a five-yard scoring pass and Cornerback Charles Armstead picking off Scott Campbell's first pass for the Boilermakers and running it back 36 yards for six more points. But Campbell rallied Purdue and three times put his team ahead as he completed 21 of 46 passes for 265 yards and three touchdowns. Eason, however, was even more productive, 28 of his 40 throws being good for 358 yards. And Eason's fourth and last scoring toss, a 50-yarder to Running Back Mitchell Brookins, put Illinois in front for keeps 38–34, the final score, with 6:33 to go. That kept the Illini atop the Big Ten and improved their overall record to 5–1, the best Illinois start since 1963.

Michigan, which remained half a game back, zipped to a 31–3 lead over Michigan State and ultimately won 31–17. Going into the game, the Spartans had the No. 2 defensive unit in the conference, a ranking it didn't live up to, as the Wolverines gained 456 yards in total offense. A touchdown on its first possession gave Wisconsin a 6–0 win at Ohio State, where the Badgers had gone 0–18–3 since 1918. Despite 390 yards passing by Babe Laufenberg, Indiana lost to Iowa 24–20. Two short touchdown runs by Eddie Phillips plus a 63-yard scoring pass from Chuck Long to Norm Granger won it for the Hawkeyes.

Randy Essington of Colorado set three team records against Nebraska—51 pass attempts, 24 completions, 361 yards—all to no avail. After two third-period Buffalo touchdowns the Cornhuskers led by only 20–14, but in the last quarter Nebraska drove 91 yards for one touchdown and scored two others after intereeptions by Linebacker Steve Damkroger. The Huskers' I-back, Mike Rozier, rushed for 212 yards as Nebraska won 40–14.

Two other Big Eight games wound up in ties. Kansas State deadlocked Missouri 7–7 when, with 13:49 to be played, Wildcat Split End Mike Wallace made an end-zone catch of a 33-yard pass from Doug Bogue on fourth-and-32. Ernest Anderson of Oklahoma State, who leads Division I-A with a rushing average of 189 yards a game, had 270 in a 24–24 tie with Kansas. END

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Al Del Greco of Auburn, a 5′ 10″, 180-pound junior, equaled an NCAA record in an 18–3 victory over Kentucky by kicking six field goals—from 22, 28, 26, 23, 39 and 38 yards away.

DEFENSE West Virginia's outside linebacker, 6′ 4″, 222-pound senior Darryl Talley, helped do in Boston College 20–13 by taking part in 15 tackles, nine of them unassisted and three behind the line.

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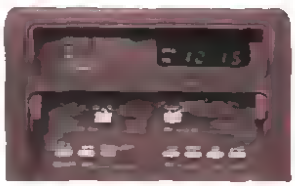
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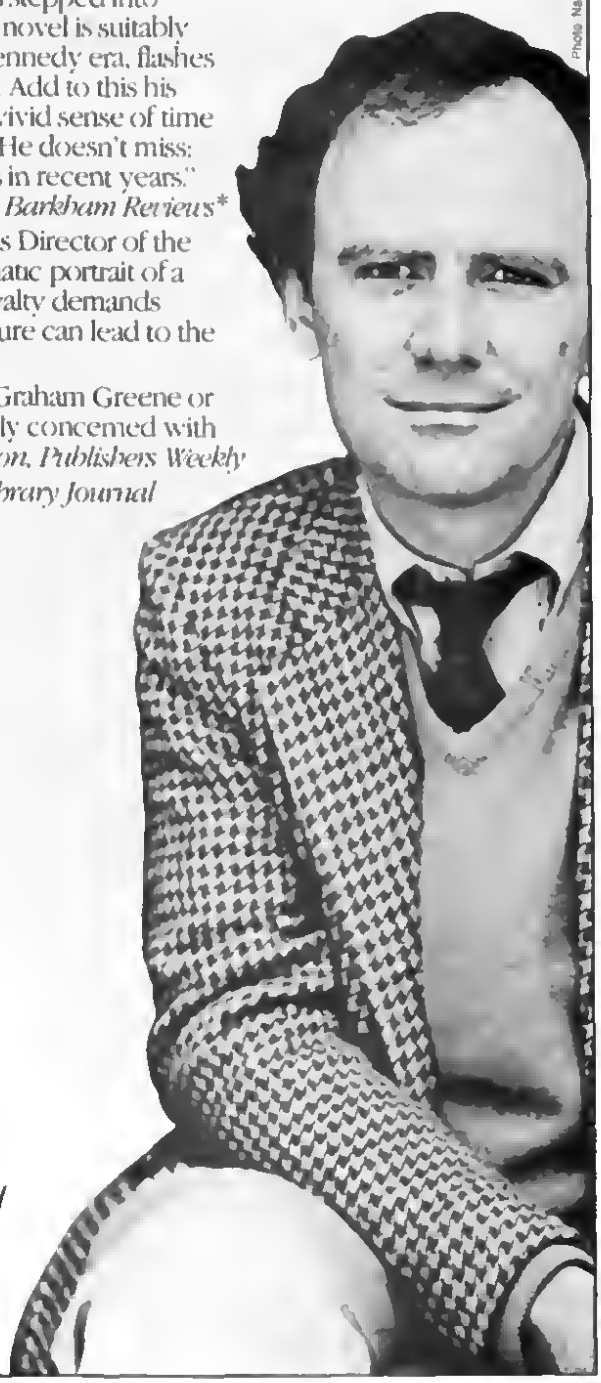


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FAMILY TRADE

A NOVEL

JAMES CARROLL

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Pass the zucchini, pardner

Against a backdrop of Taxas chic, Wayne Lavi won easily at Abilene

by Dan Jenkins

In the land of cattle and oil, a Levi won a golf tournament last week. It would be a better joke, of course, if Wayne Levi didn't pronounce his name levvy, if he did not come from Whitesboro in upstate New York and if he weren't a product of that noted golf school, Oswego State College. No matter. Levi was at home on the Abilene range as he bulldogged one of the best fields of the year in the LaJet Classic, leaving a passel of Tom Watsons and Craig Stadlers swatting the tumbleweed and wondering just how wise it was for the PGA Tour to take on the look of Texas chic.

For the record, Levi, a tour regular, won $63,000 in Abilene and moved up from 12th to ninth on the money list. You may not be aware of this because at this time of year the tour operates in considerable seclusion. For one thing, there is no televising of any tour event following the World Series of Golf. For another, it is also a period when golf must compete with baseball as well as high school, college and (sometimes) pro football on the nation's sports pages.

Six non-TV PGA Tour events have now been played since golf's World Series in Akron the last week of August, and a tough trivia question would be, "Who won them?" The answer: Calvin Peete took his third title of 1982 in the B.C. Open in Endicott, N.Y.; Bob Gilder, who has a fluffy new hair style he hopes will get him more media attention, won his third tournament when he won The Bank of Boston Classic in Sutton, Mass.; Bobby Clampett, who collapsed so spectacularly at the British Open, finally broke through with his first tour victory at the Southern Open in Columbus, Ga.; and Jay Haas put together back-to-back triumphs in the Hall of Fame Tournament in Pinehurst, N.C. and the Texas Open in San Antonio. These were the lead-ins to Levi's wire-to-wire victory last week.

Moreover, neither the Pensacola Open next week nor the Disney World in Orlando the final week of October, the year's last two events, will be televised, and the press rooms aren't likely to be overflowing with scribes either (there were about half a dozen in Abilene). Therefore, it would seem that when Stadler is officially crowned the money king after Orlando, and when the bloody race for next year's 125 exempt spots is over, Commissioner Deane Beman will have to seek a guest appearance on *60 Minutes* in order for any of this news to get out of Florida.

Several things ended unofficially in Abilene, as it was. Stadler tied for 27th to earn $2,642, upping his season's earnings to $446,462, for a $59,653 lead over Raymond Floyd, his nearest pursuer, who didn't help bis cause when he left town after the second round, believing he had missed the 36-hole cut with rounds of 72 and 74. Only after he arrived home in Miami did he learn that his 146 had in fact made the cut because Friday's high winds had sent scores soaring.

Floyd had done this once before this year, at the Tournament Players Cbampionship at Sawgrass, but in that case he was able to get back to the tournament in a chartered helicopter and make his tee time the next morning with one minute to spare. Abilene wasn't that close. "I guess I'd better officially withdraw," he told a PGA official by long distance Saturday morning. There is now only one way Floyd can catch Stadler in money this season: win Orlando while Craig gets the measles.

Like Stadler and Floyd, Watson and Tom Kite had also entered Abilene with the hope of improving their money situa-

continued



Even through mesquite, an inflated beer bottle dominated the 11th at Fairway Oaks.

tions. Neither did, but Kite's 72-hole total of 293 no doubt locked up the Vardon Trophy for him. Kite had an edge over Watson going in, and a slightly better edge when it was over, and Kite isn't planning to play in Pensacola or Orlando, now that he can't catch Stadler in money. So he'll simply sit on his stroke average of 70.21 and accept the Vardon.

As for Watson, his victories in the U.S. and British Opens have almost assured him of Player of the Year honors. He finished 24 strokes behind Levi, tied for 66th. But all wasn't lost for Watson in Abilene. In his spare time he got to shoot a lot of birds in the big country that surrounds a town that reeks of Western charm and entertained the pros with more lavish parties, good food and hospitality than any other stop on the tour.

Abilene is pure West Texas. It's one of those flat places where the mesquite trees don't get much taller than your average NBA center. But off in the distance are the kind of mesas that pass for mountains to a West Texan, and only 12 miles from Abilene's Fairway Oaks Golf & Racquet Club is Buffalo Gap, a pretty oasis of live oaks in the Callahan Divide through which buffalo herds once rumbled. Last week the golfers discovered that the town of Buffalo Gap is on the verge of getting quiched. On Thursday night they went to a chuck wagon cookout at a working ranch and were served zucchini—*zucchini*?—with their steaks.

Until the LaJet Classic sneaked onto the tour last year, not much of sporting consequence had occurred in Abilene since the three local schools turned out an Olympic sprinter like Abilene Christian's Bobby Morrow or football stars like Clyde (Bulldog) Turner of Hardin-Simmons and McMurry's Little All-America, Brad Rowland. Oh, the Big Country is still passionate about high school football, and on Saturday there was more talk among Fairway Oaks members about the guard-around play that Abilene High had run for a touchdown than the size of Levi's lead.

Which somehow brings us to what a LaJet is. Well, it's basically an oil company locally owned by some chaps named Hal and Jack McGlothlin and Tony Andress, who also happen to own Fairway Oaks, a splendid new country club and development in Abilene, and a result of what can happen when a town "jumps the freeway," as they say in Texas. Charles Coody, the 1971 Masters winner and an Abilene resident, is the director of golf, and he had a good deal of input into the course's sporty par-72 design.

Fairway Oaks is unlike anything the pros see all year. It's even flatter than any layout in Florida, and surrounded on four sides by wind as it meanders through mesquite trees and hops over artificial ponds. Last week the course was in superb condition, and this had much to do with the low scoring.

LaJet got on the tour last year when the McGlothlins and Andress told Beman they were willing to make it one of



Levi got the course's number on Day 1.

the richest events around ($350,000), and added that they didn't mind a date opposite the Ryder Cup Matches in England in 1981 even though they knew they wouldn't attract the game's biggest names. Tom Weiskopf won the inaugural tournament in almost utter secrecy. This time, LaJet drew one of the best fields of the year. Everybody was in Abilene except Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Harry Vardon.

But as it turned out, the tournament eluded the big names. Levi's opening-round 64 put him one stroke ahead of people named Mike Morley (65), John Fought and Vance Heafner (66s). Stadler lurked at 66 as well, but wouldn't be a factor for long

After Friday's very windy second round, Levi's 71 left him with a two-stroke lead over Bruce Devlin, a name, but close at hand were Bobby Cole and Gary Koch after identical rounds of 67–71. Wayne then stretched his lead to four strokes over Cole with a 68 on Saturday and was on the board at 203.

Levi, a fine player all through the bag and a scrappy one, was diligent enough Saturday evening to take his lead straight to the practice area. "I want to win this real bad," he said at the time. "The other guys tend to think I'm tough to catch when I have a lead, and I think so, too. That'll help. I'll practice tonight, then go home and let my three-year-old daughter run me ragged till about 10:30. I won't have any trouble sleeping after that."

Levi didn't have any trouble playing golf on Sunday, either. After he birdied the 3rd hole with a three-foot putt and the 6th with a 30-footer, he confessed to shedding all worries. His hands had sweated as he drove to the course, but his wife, Judy, had reminded him he was playing the best golf of his life and that if he just played "smart" nothing would go wrong.

Levi made three more birdies through the 15th hole, including an 18-footer on the 11th green, hard by the LaJet guest cottage and its mammoth inflated Coors bottle. He took a casual bogey at the 16th, then parred in for a closing 68 and a winning total of 271, 17 under par, and a six-shot victory over the glittering field.

As it happened, the runner-up was perhaps an even happier man than Levi. That was 25-year-old Thomas Gray, of Prescott, Ariz., who might have sucked himself right out of a job at a Safeway with the $37,800 he won.

Gray came into Abilene with $14,000 and change in winnings this year. He was 160th on the money list. As usual, he had to qualify on Monday. By Sunday evening, Gray had leaped to about 80th on the list, well within the 125 who will be exempt in 1983.

When asked what he had intended to do if he had failed to win enough to land among the exempted players, Gray said, "Go to the qualifying school again."

He was then asked what he would do with his life if he failed there.

"Uh, I don't know," he said, hesitantly. "I *do* have a degree in criminal justice from Arizona State, so. . . ."

So he could always defend West Texas cowboys against the crime of serving zucchini too often. **END**


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Gonna catch hell,
At the bell!

In the dark, cold autumn morning before first light, Marvelous Marvin Hagler is chanting. He is running in his Army boots along the path that begins at the far end of Herring Cove Beach and bends off to the left—away from the main road, toward the beach, into the dunes. "This is where I can dream," he says.

This is also where the Pilgrims first landed, where they looked around, had second thoughts, and hauled up anchor, finally disembarking across the bay at Plymouth Rock. Now it's part of the Cape Cod National Seashore, a place of sea gulls, salt hay and solitude. In the fall, when the tourists are gone and nearby Provincetown boards up, surf casters belly up to the sea and an occasional biker pedals by, but they decrease in number when it gets dark early and the wind grows horns and snorts off the beach.

Hagler has been coming here since 1977, working out of the Provincetown Inn, at the very tip of the Cape, sparring in a ring set up by the indoor pool, getting up before dawn to run with his sparring partners from the inn to the beach and beyond: the charge of the dark brigade. This is Hagler's self-imposed prison. Among the scrub pine, goldenrod and rose hip, he comes to serve that harshest sentence of all, the one that he imposes on himself: The confinement is as soli-

continued

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When middleweight champ Marvin Hagler added Marvelous to his name, he wasn't on an ego trip, only confirming what hard work has wrought

BY WILLIAM NACK





MARVIN HAGLER

continued

tary as he can make it. "I get mean here," he says

The man many regard as one of the greatest middleweights of all time, a consummate professional who can box or brawl ambidextrously, is preparing to defend his world middleweight title against Fulgencio Obelmejias—Fully Obel, for short—in San Remo, Italy on Oct. 30. Hagler knocked the Venezuelan challenger senseless in the eighth round the first time they fought, on Jan. 17, 1981, but he has too much at stake to take any man lightly.

After the path lets go of the highway, it dips and loops for miles among the dunes, and Marvin Hagler, fueled by his obsession to conquer, to endure, is pushing himself again. This is his country: desolate, eerily silent, forbidding. Coming to a fork, Hagler veers left. The slap of his boots is like a mantra. He thinks: *Goin' through him! I have to be on the inside. Don't stay on the outside. Goin' through him!* The path swings back to the right and pretty soon turns left to the mouth of a tunnel under the main road. Hagler turns around at the mouth of the tunnel and shouts:

Get out of bed, Oh-BELL,
I'm comin' at you,
Gonna destroy you.
Destruct and destroy!
I'm the champ!

"I've gotten meaner since I've become champion," he says. "They're all trying to take something from me that I've worked long and hard for, years for, and I like the feeling of being champ. There's a monster that comes out of me in the ring. I think it goes back to the days when I had nothing. It's hunger. I think that's what the monster is, and it's still there."





Hagler gave Antuofermo better than he got in their first fight (left) but the bout was ruled a draw. In their second fight, Hagler, by now the champion, really used his head, knocking out Vito in the fifth

Marvin Hagler was born on May 23, 1954, in Newark, the first child of Ida Mae Hagler and Robert Sims (who weren't married at the time, hence Marvin's surname). The latter abandoned the family when Marvin was a child, leaving Ida Mae to raise Marvin and his brother, Robbie, and their four sisters, Veronica, Cheryl, Genarra and Noreen, on welfare. Marvin grew up in the playgrounds and the streets: cruising sidewalks, hanging out, playing sports, boxing shadows, dreaming big.

"I always wanted to *be* somebody," Hagler says. "Baseball, I played like I was Mickey Mantle or Willie Mays; basketball, I'd be Walt Frazier or Kareem; boxing, I'd pretend I was Floyd Patterson or Emile Griffith." Hagler first put on gloves when he was 10 for a man he knows only as Mister Joe, a social worker.

By then, Hagler was a fatherless loner who turned Ida Mae's back porch into a clinic for wounded birds and a coop for raising and training pigeons. A turtle lived on the fire escape, and to Ida Mae's dismay Marvin even let it swim in the



family tub. "They were the only friends I could relate to," Hagler says of the animals. "Maybe the only friends I really liked. I was always by myself."

Hagler was reaching out when Mister Joe reached in. "He helped me with any problems I had," Hagler says. "He taught me sports. We went to the park to fly kites. He'd call up. 'What's the problem? You gonna be at the club?' He kept me out of trouble. He got me involved in counseling other kids. I haven't seen him since I was a kid, and I've been trying to find the guy again for a long time. I do believe that one day he'll show up."

Mister Joe gave Marvin his first set of gloves, and his uncles began to teach him how to use them. "A rough bunch," Hagler says.

"He always said he wanted to be a boxer," Ida Mae says. "I didn't believe him. He said he wanted to be like Floyd Patterson. 'When I get grown,' he'd say, 'I'm gonna buy you a home.' I thought he'd be a social worker. He loved little kids."

The uncles came and went, as did the broken-winged birds, the pigeons, Mister Joe. The one constant in Marvin's life was his immediate family: his grandmother, Bessie Hagler, his brother, his sisters and Ida Mae. "We were close, very close," says Cheryl, 23. Even today, on birthdays and holidays they come together to celebrate.

Ida Mae—a bright, jovial woman of exceptional strength and vitality who kept the kids on a short rein—worked as a caterer and housekeeper. When Marvin was 14 and a freshman in high school, he dropped out of school to work in a toy factory to help support the family.

"As long as we have each other, we can make it," Ida Mae used to tell them. And, "Don't get on the wrong track: No drugs, no prisons for us." And, "Stay away from strangers. Mind your own business." And, "Come straight home from school. Stay home till I get home."

Ida Mae's word was law. "That's what brought us up to be the way we are," says Marvin. "Everybody that came into the house, you better make sure it was 'miss' or 'mister' when you spoke. That's the way she was."

Although they were poor, at Christmas there was always a tree, at dinnertime there was always a meal. If the clothes weren't new, they were always clean. "We took care of what we had," Veronica says. And when there was a race riot, Ida Mae was there, her voice a broom that whisked the kids under Veronica's bed.

That's how they survived the first riot, living close to the ground. It began on July 12, 1967. For five days Newark was a battleground and the Haglers were caught in the crossfire. They lived on the top floor of a three-story building. Looking down on the streets at the looters, Marvin says, was like watching ants on a picnic table.

"People were running out of stores," Marvin says, "carrying big TVs on their backs, and couches. You'd see little guys trying to carry things they couldn't even carry."

"Really terrifying," Ida Mae says. At night, she drew the shades, turned off the lights and double-locked the door, securing it further by jamming the back of a chair under the knob. For three days no one left the apartment. "She'd have killed us," Hagler says. When Uncle Eugene, who had been visiting, tried to leave the apartment to get home, a burst of gunfire chipped the facade above the front stoop and drove him back inside. The Haglers lay that night under Veronica's bed. One night, two bullets smashed through the bedroom window and shattered the plaster above the bed.

"Stay away from the windows," Ida Mae told her family. Police and National Guardsmen were everywhere—on the street, on the rooftops, chasing looters, searching for snipers. "You could hear them running across the roof above us," Ida Mae says. "There was running and cussing and policemen outside." Ida Mae forbade any of the kids to stand up. For three days they went about the five-room apartment on all fours, sliding around on cushions to get to the bathroom and the kitchen.

"It was like the end of the world," Veronica says.

By the time it was over, 26 people had died, and whole ghetto neighborhoods of the once vibrant city lay in ruin. Buildings were abandoned, garbage and mattresses were

continued

MARVIN HAGLER

continued

strewn in the streets, and countless cars were stripped.

"It was scary," Marvin says.

Ida Mae thought: *I never want to go through that again.*

Nearly two years later there was another riot. A thousand angry blacks roamed the streets, smashing store windows, looting and throwing bottles at police cars. Once again, the Hagler kids weren't allowed outdoors. The 1969 riot lasted only two nights, and no one was killed, but Ida Mae called a relative in Brockton, Mass., 20 miles from Boston, and asked her to help find the Haglers a place to live.

So, with the help of friends, a few weeks later she filled a U-Haul truck with their belongings and moved the family to Brockton, once renowned for its shoe factories, later as



Pat (left) and Goody Petronelli have worked with Hagler for 13 years.

Rocky Marciano's hometown, a city that hadn't seen much social unrest since militant townsmen with hunting rifles took to its streets to support Shays' Rebellion in 1786. An old blue-collar town, it is also a mixed ethnic salad of Yankees, French Canadians, Lithuanians, Italians and Irish, with a small percentage of blacks and Puerto Ricans.

"What a relief," Ida Mae says. "It was wonderful. I could leave my doors unlocked. The kids could go outside and sit on the porch. I was strict in Newark because I had to be; here I let up a little."

In culture shock, Hagler didn't adjust so readily. "I felt out of place, going from an all-black society to a mixed society," he says. "The only place I'd run across whites was in stores. They were always behind the counter, taking the cash. School principals. Police. The post office. I really didn't trust them. If they were nice, I thought, 'What do they want from me?' I had to learn for myself how people really were. When I found out all white people weren't bad, I started to relax around them. It took me a long time. Goody and Pat had a lot to do with that."

Guareno (Goody) and Pascuale (Pat) Petronelli, partners in a Brockton construction company, also ran a gym for fighters. Goody had just retired from the U.S. Navy, in which he had served 20 years in the medical corps and had been a boxing coach. He and Pat had fought as amateurs around Brockton and had known Marciano well; in fact, Rocky had intended to join them as a partner in the Brockton gym when the former heavyweight champ was killed in an airplane crash in 1969.

As the Petronellis worked with fighters in that gym they noticed Marvin, then 15, hanging around, watching. Finally, Goody approached him. "Hey, kid, you want to learn how to fight?" he asked. "Sure, yeah man," Hagler said.

Their relationship—with Goody as trainer, Pat as manager—has endured to this day. It took time to mature, though. "He had a thing about Whitey," Goody says.

What he also had, and Goody saw it right off, was a passion for boxing, a sense of purpose. "I like to box," Hagler says. "I fell in love with all the fancy moves. And I liked the gloves—the smell of them, the look, the feel, just putting them on, trying to hit someone with them, trying to get out of the way from getting hit, the different colors. The black ones, the red ones. Emile Griffith came out with a nice pair of blue ones. I never seen blue ones before. Then I saw a pair of green ones; I liked those. But I fell in love with the red ones. Red's my favorite color. That's the blood color."

Hagler came to the gym every day. "Diligently," Goody says. "He had that desire. He'd get a little swollen lip or a black eye and he'd come back the next day. *Those* are the kids you look for. But you don't promise 'em nothin'."

From the start Hagler seemed to learn more quickly than the others. One day Goody mentioned that to him.

"I'm doin' my homework," the boy said. "I go home and practice those punches in the mirror." Just as he had practiced in Newark, shadow boxing as Floyd Patterson, busting holes in doors on a dare. *I always wanted to be somebody.*

Hagler was an exceptional amateur. He told a stretcher about his age, adding two years so he could start fighting sooner. It wasn't until last spring—when everyone thought he was 30 years old—that the truth came out. When he legally changed his name from Marvin Nathaniel Hagler to Marvelous Marvin Hagler, the date of his birth was certified in court. "I'd appreciate it if you'd write that I am 30," he told a reporter then, seeming a little embarrassed, but by that time the truth was in all the papers.

The Marvelous was bestowed upon him by a Lowell, Mass. journalist after Hagler had fought there as an amateur. He was called a Muhammad Ali look-alike because, in those days, he was a showboat—shuffling, preening, dancing. "Everybody went through that stage," he says. "I went through it to find my own identity. I found that learning how to box was a very serious business, especially when you're trying to make it to the top. I enjoy it like a boy, play it like a man. When I'm not training for a fight, I clown in the gym with the guys. But when I come in that ring, it's for real. There is no clowning around."

Hagler was a natural southpaw who could sting. "He developed a good straight left hand," Goody says. Hagler won 50 of 52 amateur fights, including one in 1973 when, at 158 pounds, he pummeled Terry Dobbs in the National AAU finals to win the 165-pound championship. "He looked like old Henry Armstrong," Goody says. "He had everything

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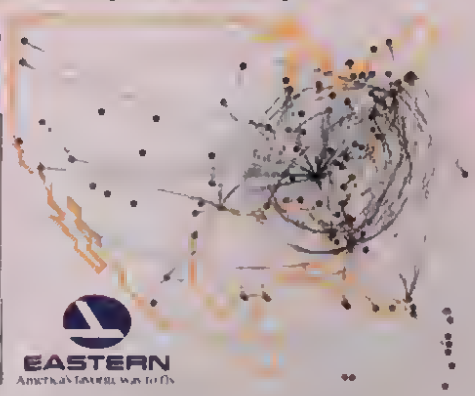
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that night: heart, desire. Dobbs was a big, tall guy and Marvin stood on him until he dropped. He really showed me something."

It was, in retrospect, a memorable night in Boston, a peek backstage at the actors before the curtain went up. Aaron Pryor, the future junior welterweight champion of the world, won that night. Leon Spinks, the future and now former heavyweight champ, was knocked out in the first round. Howard Davis, currently a lightweight contender, won a decision And Randy Shields whipped a nifty little comer out of Palmer Park, Md. named Sugar Ray Leonard, who is, of course, now the undisputed welterweight champ.

As everyone knows, Spinks, Davis and Leonard went on to win gold medals at the 1976 Olympics, and their path to professional success was oiled by the celebrity the Olympics conferred upon them. But Hagler knows there was no way to predict that celebrity. Hagler says he has no regrets about turning pro in 1973. "You can't take a trophy and turn it in for a bagful of groceries," he says, "I think I made a good decision. I still got in four years of boxing."

Four long, lean years they were. In fact, by the time Leonard had fought his way to Montreal and won the gold medal—"The quest is over," he said at the time, "the dream is fulfilled"—Marvin Hagler's quest had just begun.



Hagler has plenty of license to proclaim his accomplishments to the world he's champion of.

When Hagler turned pro, the late Boston promoter Sam Silverman, who would promote many of Hagler's bouts, had urged Goody to make him a righty so he could push him faster and farther. Petronelli did so, and on May 18, 1973 in Brockton, Hagler knocked out Terry Ryan in two for his first pro action. Then the promoter had a change of heart.

"Turn him back lefthanded," Silverman told Goody. "He's more dynamic that way."

Goody moaned, "Sam, make up your mind." Silverman might have, but Hagler didn't. He switches back and forth as opportunity beckons. He won his second fight, a six-round decision over Sonny Williams, and knocked out Muhammad Smith in two rounds for his third win.

Hagler got his first substantial purse, $1,000, in his fourth fight, against Don Wigfall, a local kid, in Brockton. There was more than money at stake, however, and to know why Hagler wanted Wigfall and what he did to him when he got him is to understand the kind of fuel that propels him.

In 1970, Hagler and Wigfall, a neighborhood tough, had had words at a party. "He had everyone scared of him," Hagler says, "but he didn't scare me. Coming from New Jersey like I did, if I didn't get you one way, I got you another. I hit you in the head with a bottle, or a brick. But I'll gitcha! I remember I just bought a new black leather jacket. We went outside Before I could get my jacket off, he'd decked me. I rolled under a car; my jaw was swollen. For three years, I never let that die "

So it was that on Oct. 6, 1973, in the Brockton High School gym, Hagler punished Wigfall, decisioning him in eight. "Every time I had the chance to put him out, I let him back into the fight," Hagler says "I whupped him, right in front of all the people who had seen him deck me that night. It might take me three years, but I'm gonna gitcha!"

Hagler rose quickly in the middleweight ranks in New England. If that is rather like being the world's tallest midget, it was the only world he had. He had begun shaving his head when he was an amateur, and he has shaved it ever since. He was seen as a menacing figure, and surely that domed roof enhanced the image, that and his riveting eyes, which he squints as he attacks, and the remorseless way he stalks and strikes. The only blemish in his first three years as a pro occurred when Hagler, after beating 1972 Olympic light welterweight champion Sugar Ray Seales in Boston—"A big mouth with a big gold medal and two-tone shoes"—met him again in Seattle, Seales's hometown. The bout was scored a draw, a dubious call.

Already Hagler was beginning to languish in Boston, unable to get competitive fights. "You have three strikes against you," Joe Frazier would tell him one day. "You're black, you're a southpaw and you can fight." Hagler's biggest purse in 1975 was $2,000, which he got for facing undefeated southpaw middleweight Johnny Baldwin, who Silverman figured would beat him. "Look, I can't get Hagler no fights," Silverman had protested to Pat Petronelli.

"Try and get him licked if you want," Pat said.

"You mean that?" Silverman said. "I got a guy who's gonna lick him."

"Then lick him!" Pat said. Giving Mad Dog Baldwin 18 pounds, Hagler whipped him in a 10-round decision. Hagler could have fought forever in Boston, picking up $300 here and $700 there, but the title had obsessed him since he was an amateur signing photographs "Marvin Hagler, future middleweight champion of the world."

Since 1971, he had dug ditches and cut down trees for the Petronelli Construction Co., and the work had taken him to Brockton's white, affluent west side. "Everybody that had money was on the west side," he says. "I always wanted to live on the west side. When I worked construction, we used to come into these areas where it was always nice, where they brought you ice tea when you worked outside. In the poor areas, nobody had ice tea. They brought out cookies. They made you lunch. It was nice: green grass, nice homes, big cars. I used to love working on people's homes here. Pat and Goody did something for me that they never realized. I was grateful to have a trade. They matured me. I found trust in these two people. I kind of knew what I wanted in life. I wanted a house with my own name on it in West Brockton—Hagler."

To get there, he first had to get out of New England. "Rocky Marciano had to leave New England to make the big time," Hagler says. "I like Brockton, but to make it, you gotta get out."





Hagler's mother, Ida Mae, is now contemplating going to law school.

There was only one place to go, of course, and that was Philadelphia, to what Goody called the "Lion's Den" of middleweights—the Spectrum. It was where the money was and where the best fighters were: Bennie Briscoe, Willie (The Worm) Monroe, Eugene (Cyclone) Hart, Bobby (Boogaloo) Watts. "The baddest middleweights in the world," Goody says. "We had to go down there and fight the iron."

J. Russell Peltz, the Spectrum's director of boxing at the time, was skeptical when first approached. "Who's Marvin Hagler? Kids from Boston can't fight," he told Pat.

"This one can," Pat said.

One by one, Hagler would take them on, until finally he had nailed them all, but not before two successive losses left him perilously close to oblivion. Watts wasn't the best of the middles, but for Hagler he was the first. They fought 10 rounds on Jan. 13, 1976, and when the judges gave it to Boogaloo, there were hoots from the hometown crowd. "Now Boogaloo is a friend of mine, but he didn't win that fight," says George Benton, the Philly trainer.

Two months after the Watts fight, Monroe beat up on Hagler on the way to a 10-round verdict. "A tough decision to accept," Hagler said after the fight, "but an honest one. I still have a few things to learn. I get the feeling that he's already learned them."

Peltz told the Petronellis of the trouble they were in: "I know you got screwed with Boogaloo Watts, but you got your ass kicked by Willie Monroe. Three strikes and you're out."

Next up: Hart. Working one day on the heavy bag in Joe Frazier's gym, Hart had spotted Marvin and said, "Hey, Hagler, I got the baddest left hook in town. Watch this."

continued

While Marvin's in training, Bertha has her hands full at home with (clockwise from the top) Celeste, Charelle, Marvin Jr. and Jimmy.



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MARVIN HAGLER

continued

Bam! Hart slammed his left into the bag. "You're lookin' at the next middleweight champion of the world," Marvin turned to Pat and said, "Put him on the list."

The record book says Hagler knocked Hart out in eight, but what happened is more ambiguous. There was an argument in Hart's corner after the eighth, and he never came out for the ninth. The victory was only bittersweet, but Hagler had survived. "I thought he was just an ordinary fighter," Briscoe says. "He proved to be more than that." In a rematch against Monroe in Boston on Feb. 15, 1977, Hagler knocked The Worm out in the 12th round. Peltz staged the rubber match at the Spectrum six months later, and it was then that Hagler made his name in Philly.

Hagler buckled Monroe's knees with a right hook in the second round and pounced. A beautiful left hook caught Monroe. Down he went. And out.

"That was the fight that made him," Peltz says. "There was a complete difference between the Marvin that had fought in 1976 and 1977. The competition here had made him better. He had more confidence. He was sharper, his punches were shorter, he had more power."

There was only one more to go in Philly: Briscoe. On Aug. 24, 1978, 15,000 people jammed into the Spectrum to see them fight. Both boxers showed up in burgundy trunks, and neither would change. Peltz still wonders what the fans in the uppermost seats made of the spectacle, two shaved-headed black men wearing burgundy trunks. Who's on first? In the end Hagler was, but the Petronellis had to scramble. Hagler got butted in the second. Between rounds, Goody tried to stop the bleeding as Pat headed off the doctor coming over to inspect the cut, repeatedly pointing to the crowd and telling the doc that someone was calling him. By the time the doctor got to Hagler, Goody had the bleeding stopped. "I didn't spend 20 years in the Navy medical department for nothing," he says.

Where Hagler had been a banger against Monroe, he boxed artfully against Briscoe, sticking and moving to win the decision.

By now some were calling Hagler the uncrowned middleweight champion of the world, but still he couldn't get a title shot. "I can understand it now," Pat says. "Who needs a Marvin Hagler?" Hagler's sense of frustration deepened.

"Every time I fought, Pat and Goody said, 'Marvin, you've got to keep winning to get a shot! If you win this one, Marvin, you've got it.' Every time I won, there was nothing. Every day I was out there running, paving the ground, getting knocked around in the gym, keeping sharp, getting ready for that day." He waited some more. He wondered: *What do I have to do to get recognition? Kill somebody in the ring?* To Pat and Goody, he would say: *When am I gonna get a break?* To Bertha Washington, then his fiancée, now his wife, he would fume: *The hell with this damn game! I'm sick of it. Promises, promises, always promises.*

He was just too good for his own good. Bitter and frustrated, he packed his bags and prepared to leave the Petronellis and Brockton and move to California, to start his career anew. Pat and Goody urged him to stay, saying, "If we felt as though we couldn't do it for you, we'd be the first ones to let you find something else."

After talking it over with Bertha, Hagler yielded. "So I took my bags back," he said. "But I was hurt. The rent had to be paid. The kids had to have clothes. It was tough. When people look at me today they say, 'Hey, you're a millionaire now, you got it made.' They didn't know me before I was a success and as a result they don't realize that everything I got I worked for. There hasn't been nobody giving me nothin' "



Marvin poses with sister Veronica, now a nurse.

Hagler finally got his title shot, six and a half years after he turned pro, and they didn't give him nothin' that night, either. This also happened to be the card—Nov. 30, 1979—on which Sugar Ray Leonard, in his 26th pro fight and first title shot, took the welterweight crown from Wilfred Benitez. Hagler's challenge for Vito Antuofermo's title was his 50th pro fight. He had been a long time in the shadows; he would be even longer.

The bout lasted the full 15 rounds, and it became at times so moving a spectacle—two men standing there and simply whaling away at each other—that at the end the crowd in Caesars Palace rose in applause. Hagler had clearly landed more and harder punches. Waiting for the decision, Referee Mills Lane told him, "Congratulations, now stay facing this way until they announce the decision and I raise your arm." When the verdict was announced, however, it was Vito's arm that went up. One judge had given it to Hagler, another to Antuofermo, while a third called it a draw: A tie always goes to the champion.

"I won the fight," Hagler says. "It hurt, but I just went back to school. Back to work. I felt as though, if I missed that shot, I'd never get another opportunity."

There was an immediate demand for a rematch, but Antuofermo was having no part of Hagler if he didn't have to.

On March 16, 1980, Alan Minter of England outpointed Antuofermo, and the Petronellis went after Minter, but of course Minter gave Antuofermo an immediate rematch. At Wembley Arena in London, Minter's turf, the champion stopped the challenger in the eighth. Hagler was next, Minter's first mandatory opponent. Marvin trained furiously for the fight. "I felt, 'This is it!' " he says. This bout was also

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fought at Wembley. On his way to the ring, Hagler said to Goody, "I'm ready to die for this. Don't stop it."

That Hagler made it alive out of Wembley took some doing, though it wasn't Minter who threatened him. In the third round, Hagler unleashed a tremendous right uppercut that rocked the champion, who was already bleeding profusely from four cuts, into helplessness. The referee jumped in and stopped it. "If they hadn't stopped it, I'd have killed Minter," Hagler says.

Minter drifted unsteadily back to his corner and Hagler dropped to his knees in joy as beer bottles rained down upon the ring. Goody dashed to the fighter to cover him, joined there by Hagler's lawyer, Steve Wainwright, the third cornerman, and Pat. They enveloped Marvin in a human canopy. Suddenly, a phalanx of helmeted bobbies swept into the ring and ushered them away.

The ref never got a chance to raise Hagler's arm. But the motorcade from Boston's Logan International Airport to Brockton made up for that. A crowd of 10,000 gave him a rousing ovation as he arrived in Brockton's City Hall Square. He had come to town 11 years before, a Newark ghetto kid who didn't feel at all at home, and now he owned the place. The mayor handed him the keys to the city. "It reminded everyone of when Marciano won the title from Walcott," he says.

Looking out over the crowd, Hagler felt a sense of *déjà vu*. "I'd dreamed it years ago. I'd already seen this before. It was a once in a lifetime thing, coming from a place where there was all hatred to a place where there was nothing but love, where people wanted to touch you and feel you. . . ."

I always want to be somebody.

He still does. Hagler has been the undisputed middleweight champion for more than two years and has defended the title four times, winning each bout by a knockout and each for more than grocery money: Obelmejias ($500,000), Antuofermo II ($500,000), Mustafa Hamsho ($1 million), Caveman Lee ($500,000). He is to make $500,000 for Obelmejias II. A good deal of money, perhaps, but nothing compared to the $12 million Leonard made for beating Thomas Hearns.

"I haven't gotten the real big payday," Hagler says. "But that keeps me working, keeps me hungry.

"You gotta love it. I walk it, talk it, sleep it, act it, look it. Some people don't believe me when I say that I'm miserable as hell around the house if I'm not doing anything."

He was around the house a lot this summer after old Boogaloo Watts, now a sparring partner, broke one of his ribs in the gym. The house, of course, was on Brockton's west side, where Hagler had wanted to live since first seeing it. This month Hagler moved to a posher neighborhood in Hanover, outside Brockton, where he has three acres and 69 pigeons to care for. He and Bertha share the place with their four children, two of them, Jimmy, 12, and Celeste, 10, Bertha's by a previous marriage, and two of their own, Marvin Jr., 6, and Charelle, 7½ months. Hagler spent his summer with the kids, mostly watching Charelle trying to figure out what her legs are for.

"I got the chance to see Charelle learn to turn over and begin to smile," he says, "to pull herself up on her feet on the side of the crib. I would've missed that if I'd been on the road." He also had a chance to spend time with his mother, who remarried in 1976 and is now Ida Mae Lang. She works as a receptionist at Norris Industries, a Brockton company that manufactures kitchen disposal equipment, and is thinking of going to law school. "I always wanted to be a lawyer," she says. "If I hadn't had kids so fast, that's probably what I'd be today." Newark seems a long way away now. "It turned out all right in the end," she says. "My girls are nurses, my boys are fighters. [Robbie is also a middleweight.] How many mothers get a house for a birthday present? That's what he bought me after he beat Antuofermo."



Hagler was New England amateur middleweight champ in 1973.

The summer with the family was fine, Marvin says, but now he's back to business again. "I'm always learning," he says. "People say, 'You've reached your peak.' There's no such thing for me. I feel as though I'm still learning. I'm getting better. I'm still young at heart. I still got a long way to go. You never learn it all. There's many combinations just off a jab, or off a right hand, or off an uppercut. It's just learning how to put them together. It's an art. Like switching from right hand to left hand. It was natural to me. I'm a creator, an artist. I have nothing else. This is all I got. I got to be the best. I've got to train! I've got to box! Spar!"

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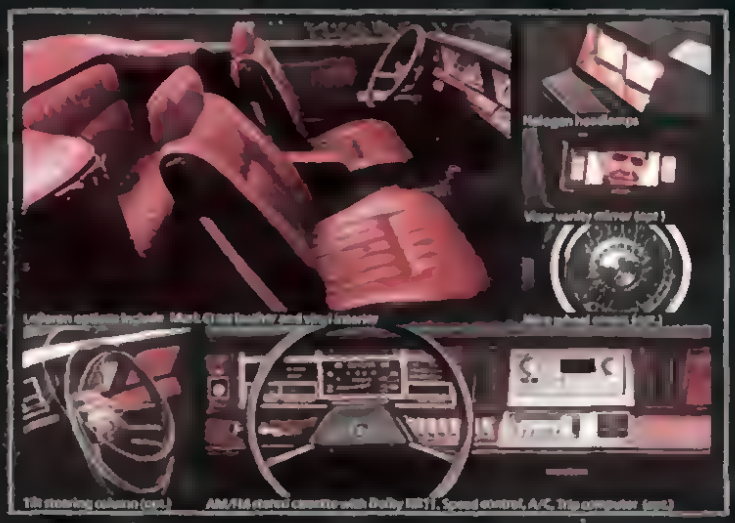


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PERSPECTIVE

by ROBERT W CREAMER

THE BEST OUTFIELD EVER? WHY, DEL, BIG SAM AND SLIDING BILLY, FOR SURE

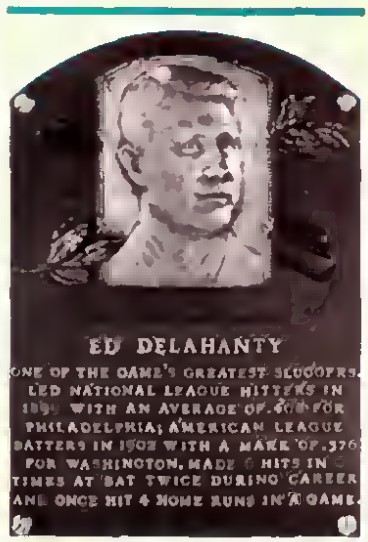
The best outfield ever to play in the big leagues was a remarkable trio that spent five seasons together, a long time as outfields go, on the Philadelphia Phillies in the 1890s, way back in baseball's Dark Ages. Before you dismiss that best-outfield claim as the raving of a hidebound antiquarian, consider the exploits of Del, Big Sam and Sliding Billy.

Del was Ed Delahanty, the leftfielder, who was named to the Hall of Fame in 1945. Delahanty, 6' 1", 170 pounds, was an accomplished outfielder graceful enough to play the infield when he was needed there. He was a remarkable hitter whose lifetime average of .346 is the fourth highest of all time; only Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby and Shoeless Joe Jackson have surpassed it. Delahanty was a righthanded power hitter, a crowd pleaser. In 1893 he excited the Philadelphia fans one day by hitting two long "foul home runs" to left in the ninth before clouting a bases-clearing triple off the centerfield fence. "The tumult was kept up for such a length of time as to make it absolutely necessary for Umpire Gaffney to stop the game for a while," reported the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "The spectators acted like maniacs; they jumped and danced around, threw straw hats, coats, canes and umbrellas in the air and yelled at the top of their voices. . . "

One day in Chicago in 1896 Delahanty hit a home run in the first inning, singled in the third, hit another homer in the fifth and another in the seventh. When he came to bat in the ninth, the Chicago fans were shouting, "Line it out, Del! Make it four!" He responded by hitting one onto the clubhouse roof in left for his fourth home run of the game.

Big Sam was Sam Thompson, the rightfielder, who was named to the Hall of Fame in 1974. He was 6' 2" and weighed 207 pounds, huge for his day. Thompson, a lefthanded hitter (lifetime average: .331), was a slugger who in the 12 seasons from 1885 through 1896 finished first, second or third in the National League 37 times in such batting categories as average, hits, doubles, triples, homers, slugging percentage, total bases and RBIs. His career total of 129 home runs was a league record that stood for 25 years. In 1887, he led Detroit to its only National League pennant, batting in 166 runs, the second man in the league had 104. Thompson had more RBIs per game in his career than any other player in big league history, including Babe Ruth and Henry Aaron—.92 per game for Big Sam, compared to .88 for the Babe and .70 for Hank. Thompson led the league's outfielders in assists one year and is credited with popularizing the one-bounce throw to home plate. Previously, outfielders had depended on infielders to relay the ball. Thompson didn't play big league baseball until he was 25 and was 31 when the great outfield came together.

Sliding Billy was Billy Hamilton, the centerfielder, who was named to the Hall of Fame in 1961. He was built like a tree



stump: 5' 6", 165 pounds, with thick legs. He was a lefthanded singles hitter, and his lifetime average of .344 is seventh on the alltime list. Hamilton was the fastest man in baseball in the 1890s, an outfielder with great range and a base runner who earned his nickname by making headfirst slides 70 years before Pete Rose came on the scene. He led the National League in bases on balls five times, in stolen bases seven times and seemed always to be racing across home plate. He scored 1.06 runs per game during his career, still the major league record. In 1894 he had 192 runs, another enduring record.

The outfield coalesced in the spring of 1891. In 1888 the Phils had bought the 20-year-old Delahanty from the minors for the then astonishing price of $1,900, but in 1890, the year of the great player revolt, he jumped to the newly formed Players' League. So did Thompson, who had come to Philadelphia in 1889 after the Detroit club was disbanded and its players sold. Hamilton, meanwhile, had joined the Phils in 1890 at the age of 24 after playing two seasons in Kansas City.

Before the Players' League had even staged a game, the Phils went after Delahanty and Thompson with more money, and the two jumped back. Thompson stayed in Philadelphia thereafter, but Delahanty, doing what the sportswriters called "the double somersault," jumped again and played the 1890 season with Cleveland in the Players' League. The rebel league died after its one season and Delahanty adroitly leaped back again to Philadelphia, where the three stars finally became a unit.

In 1891 the outfield marked time, although Hamilton hit .340 to lead the league. Thompson did all right, too—.294, with 90 RBIs—but Delahanty, who played center that year with Hamilton in left, batted only .243. In 1892, though, Hamilton and Delahanty switched positions during the season, and Delahanty's average coincidentally climbed more than 60 points, to .306. Hamilton batted .330, Thompson .305. There were only 11 regulars in the 12-team league who hit .300 that season, and three of them played in the Philadelphia outfield.

In 1893 they really took off. Hamilton was the leadoff man, with Thompson usually batting second and Delahanty third. Hamilton ripped off a 14-game hitting streak, Delahanty hit in 20 straight, Thompson hit safely in 28 of 30. At one point all three hit safely in 11 consecutive games. They had 12 hits among them in one game, 10 in another, seven or more on 14 other occasions. Hamilton had a 10-game streak in which he had two or more hits in every game. He hit .380 to win the batting championship, with Thompson (.370) second and Delahanty (.368) third. Between them Delahanty and Thompson finished first in home runs, first and third in runs batted in, first and second in hits, first and third in slugging average, first and second in total bases. The trio's hitting kept the traditionally also-ran Phillies in the pennant fight into August. Then Hamilton caught

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By investing over $200 million in new product development. We're continually working to make our trucks even better. By making them more cost-efficient. And more dependable.

So it's easy to see why more people are putting their faith in International. We've proven our performance to them in the past.

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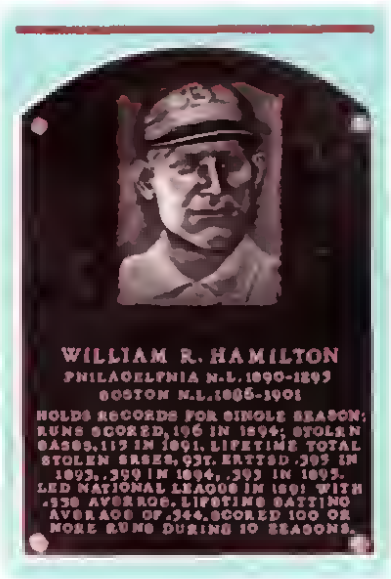
We're not giving in. We're going on.

International Harvester

typhoid fever and was out the rest of the year. The Phils fell to fourth.

Hamilton was healthy again in 1894. He played every game and hit .404 according to the authoritative 1969 edition of *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, which meticulously checked and, where necessary, corrected all old batting averages. In an ill-advised bow to baseball tradition, recent editions of the *Encyclopedia* have been changed to reinstate certain old and inaccurate statistics; for instance, the new fifth edition of the *Encyclopedia* gives Hamilton's 1894 average as .399, which is incorrect.

That was the year of the batting explosion, when the league average soared to .309 and the Phillies as a team batted .349, the highest ever. Five men batted better than .400 that season. Hugh Duffy of Boston led the league with .440 (.438, according to the old guides). The other four were all Philadelphia outfielders: Hamilton .404, Delahanty .407, Thompson .407 and George (Tuck) Turner .416. Turner was a substitute outfielder the Phils had signed the previous summer when Hamilton took sick. In 1894 he filled in for Thompson when he was out for six weeks after an operation and for Delahanty when he was called on to play the infield. Turner appeared in enough games to be eligible for the batting title. Thus, the Phils had four .400-hitting outfielders the same season.



The outfield's fifth and last season together was in 1895, when Delahanty, Thompson and Hamilton finished second, fourth and sixth in the batting race. Hamilton again led in walks, steals and runs. Thompson was first in homers, RBIs, total bases and slugging average. Delahanty batted better than .400 for the second year in a row and was second to Thompson in total bases and slugging. (Turner hit .386 but didn't play as much as he had a year earlier.) Still, the Phils finished third, and in an effort to shake things up Hamilton was traded to Boston for a veteran third baseman named Billy Nash, who was made manager. With Nash and without Hamilton, the 1896 Phils slid to eighth.

The glory years were over. Thompson, aging, played only one more season as a regular. Delahanty continued as a star, but his behavior became erratic. He drank, had marital problems and became embroiled in disputes over money. The National League in 1893 had passed a rule limiting salaries to a maximum of $2,400 a year. The new American League was challenging the National, and in 1901 Connie Mack of the Philadelphia A's offered Delahanty $4,000. The Phils, breaching their league's rule, matched that offer and managed to keep him one more year, but then Delahanty jumped to Washington, where he won the American League batting title in 1902. After that season John McGraw of the New York Giants persuaded Delahanty to return to the National League, the carrot being a $4,500 cash payment in advance. However, before the 1903 season began, the two warring leagues made peace, and under the terms of the agreement Delahanty was ordered to remain with Washington and refund the $4,500.

Outraged at what he felt was a double-cross, Delahanty swore he wouldn't play for the Senators. He did eventually rejoin Washington, but he drank heavily and was suspended. He tagged along with the club, but while in Detroit early in July he decided to go to New York City to see his estranged wife. He took a train that passed through Canada on its way to New York, did some heavy drinking along the way and became loud and belligerent. At Fort Erie, on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, he was forcibly put off the train. Angry, frustrated, drunk, he watched helplessly as the train crossed the International Bridge and disappeared into the night. He began to run after it. A guard with a lantern tried to stop him, but Delahanty shoved his way past, lost his balance and fell into the turbulent river. He was swept downstream and over Niagara Falls to his death. His mangled body was found a week later.

Thompson and Hamilton led more placid lives. Hamilton played six seasons with Boston after leaving the Phillies and nine more after that in the minor leagues. In 1909, at the age of 43, he batted .332 to lead the New England League in hitting. He saved his money, invested it well and lived comfortably until his death in 1940. Thompson retired to Detroit, where he sold real estate and was appointed a United States deputy marshal. In 1906, when the Detroit Tigers were short of men because of injuries, they signed Thompson, then 46, who had kept himself in shape playing semipro ball. He appeared in eight games for the Tigers, had seven hits, including a triple, and batted in three runs. One of his Detroit teammates during that brief stint was Cobb, then a 19-year-old kid in his second season in the majors. Thompson died in 1922, almost totally forgotten. Not until 1969, when *The Baseball Encyclopedia* was published, with its detailed statistics on pre-1900 players, was his extraordinary ability recalled.



They were an odd, disparate trio, as different off the field as on it, but they were all Hall of Famers and in the five seasons they played together they did more than any other outfield before or since. You want to argue? **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 4-10

Compiled by ARMEN KETEYIAN

BASEBALL—The Milwaukee Brewers defeated the California Angels 4–3 in the final game of their best-of-five playoff to win the American League Championship Series. St. Louis took Atlanta three straight to win the National League playoff series (*page 24*)

BOXING—KATSUO TOKASHIKI retained his WBA junior flyweight title with a unanimous decision over Kim Sung Nam in Tokyo.

FIGURE SKATING—SCOTT HAMILTON and ROSALYNN SUMNERS won the gold medals in the men's and women's divisions at the 17-nation U.S. Skating Association-sponsored Skate America competition at Lake Placid.

GOLF—WAYNE LEVI fired a 17-under-par 271 to win the $350,000 LaJet Classic in Abilene, Texas by 6 strokes over Thomas Gray (*page 77*).

ALTON DUHON, a retired postal worker, won the 28th U.S. Senior Amateur Championship in Tucson with a 2-up victory over defending champion Ed Updegraff.

HARNESS RACING—JAZZ COSMOS ($3), Mickey McNichol in the sulky, edged Hambletonian winner Speed Bowl in both heats to win the $116,200 Kentucky Futurity, the third leg of trotting's triple crown, at the Red Mile in Lexington. The 3-year-old colt covered the distance in 1:57⅗ and 1:57.

HOCKEY—As is the custom, the NHL opened the season on its 66th brimming with optimism. By week's end no franchise was more justified in taking a rosy view than the new New Jersey Devils, formerly the Colorado Rockies of 18–49–13 fame a year ago. The Devils surprised even their strongest advocates by going 1–0–2, they sandwiched a 3–2 defeat of the New York Rangers between ties with Pittsburgh (3–3) and Toronto (5–5). When Center Merlin Malinowski's second-period, go-ahead goal and Glenn Resch's goaltending stood up against New York, so did 19,023 fans at the Meadowlands, largest crowd in franchise history. The next night, trailing 4–1 after two periods, the Devils tied the Leafs on Hector Marini's power-play goal with 8:22 left and also tied New York's other team, the Islanders, for second in the Patrick Division. The Islanders lost 2–1 in Vancouver and then beat Calgary (5–4) and Edmonton (6–4) on late goals by John Tonelli and Duane Sutter, respectively. Division-leading Philadelphia was undefeated in three starts upending Quebec (9–5) and Washington twice (3–2 and 6–4), as Darryl Sittler scored three times and Rick St. Croix stopped 64 Capital shots. Montreal, Quebec and Boston went two for three to become co-leaders of the Adams Division. A happy and healthy Guy Lafleur had four goals for the Canadiens. Three came in an 8–7 loss to Chicago, it was his 15th career hat trick and first since 1978. Exhibition holdout Peter Stastny wasn't holding back for the Nordiques. He had eight goals, including two hat tricks, and three assists. Wayne Gretzky scored three times as Edmonton won two of three and tied Winnipeg for the Smythe Division lead. Those goals included the 200th of Gretzky's career in the Oilers' 6–3 waxing of Vancouver. Seven Oilers scored in Edmonton's 7–5 win over Calgary. After 17,343 fans gave new Detroit owner Mike Ilitch a standing ovation in Joe Louis Arena, St. Louis spoiled Ilitch's debut 2–1 on Wayne Babich's third-period power-play goal. The Red Wings then tied Minnesota 3–3 on the road, as Walt McKechnie scored twice before falling 8–0 to Winnipeg. In that game, Jet Willi Plett responded to a high stick from Detroit Goalie Greg Stefan by chopping Stefan on the back of the neck with his stick. Plett was ejected, fined $200 and suspended indefinitely pending review by the league.

HORSE RACING—In a race marred by a four-horse collision that resulted in the destruction of Timely Writer and Johnny Dance, LEHMI GOLD ($7.20), Chris McCarron up, defeated Silver Supreme by 4½ lengths to win the $563,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont. The 4-year-old colt completed the 1½-mile course in 2:31⅘. On the same program, Jerry Bailey rode COPELAN ($3.60) to a 6½-length victory over Pappa Riccio in the $240,000 Champagne Stakes. The 2-year-old colt ran the mile in 1:37⅘ for his fourth straight victory and fifth win in his last six starts (*page 32*).

MODERN PENTATHLON—At the world championships in Rome, DANIELE MASALA, 27, of Italy won the individual title with 5,680 points, 249 more than Anatoli Starostin of the Soviet Union, which won the team championship.

MOTOR SPORTS—Pole sitter HARRY GANT, in a Buick, finished 2.93 seconds in front of Bill Elliott, in a Ford, to win the NASCAR National 500 on the Charlotte (N.C.) Motor Speedway's 1.5-mile, high-banked oval. Gant averaged 137.208 for his second career Grand National victory.

TABLE TENNIS—Defending world champion GUO YUEHLA won the World Cup in Hong Kong, defeating European champ Mikael Apelgren of Sweden 22–20, 21–5, 21–9.

TENNIS—MATS WILANDER whipped Guillermo Vilas 6–3, 6–4, 6–3 to win the $175,000 International Championship of Spain tournament in Barcelona.

VITAS GERULAITIS beat Eliot Teltscher 2–6, 6–2, 6–2 in the finals of a $100,000 indoor tournament in Melbourne.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD won a $125,000 women's tournament in Deerfield Beach, Fla. with a 6–1, 6–2 victory over Andrea Jaeger.

TRIATHLON—DAVE SCOTT swam 2.4 miles, cycled 112 miles and then ran a marathon in an event-record 9:08.22 to win the World Ironman Championship in Kona, Hawaii by 10 minutes over defending champion Scott Tinley. JULIE LEACH was the first women's finisher in 10:54:08.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED By the World Boxing Association, replacing Rodrigo Sanchez of Panama, GILBERTO MENDOZA of Venezuela as president by a vote of 41 to 32, defeating a challenge by Bob Lee, deputy commissioner of the New Jersey State Athletic Commission.

RESIGNED As manager of the Montreal Expos, JIM FANNING, 55, *who had a 102–87 record since* taking over on Sept. 8, 1981, to return to the club's front office.

SOLD By the Detroit Tigers, Reliever ELIAS SOSA, 32, to the San Diego Padres for an undisclosed sum.

SUSPENDED By the NHL, Hartford Whaler Right Wing BLAINE STOUGHTON, the club's leading scorer last season, for eight games for cross-checking Paul Baxter of the Pittsburgh Penguins in an exhibition game on Oct. 2.

TRADED By the Seattle SuperSonics, Forward WALLY WALKER, 28, to the Houston Rockets for a second-round draft choice in 1983, and by the Detroit Pistons, center STEVE HAYES, 27, to the Cleveland Cavaliers for future considerations, by the Chicago Bulls, Guard Ray Blume, 24, to San Diego for future considerations.

By the Hartford Whalers, Left Wing JORDY DOUGLAS, 24, to Minnesota to complete an earlier trade that sent Center Mark Johnson and Right Wing Kent-Erik Andersson to the Whalers.

DIED FRANK OFTRING, 58, former basketball coach at Holy Cross (1961–64) and member of that school's NCAA championship team in 1947, of cancer in Worcester, Mass.

HERB LANGE, 81, one of 10 charter members of the American Bowling Congress Hall of Fame, of natural causes in Lake Mills, Wis. Lange had a 192 average for his 32-year career.

CREDITS

4—Manny Millan. 19—[illegible] by Sam Q. Weiss man. 24, 25—John Iacono. 26, 27—(Left to right) George Tiedemann, Heinz Kluetmeier, John Iacono. 28, 29—John Iacono (left), Heinz Kluetmeier. 30, 31—Ronald C. Modra (top left), Anthony Neste (2). 32, 33—Kathryn Dudek (center), Barton Silverman (2). 34, 35—Peter Read Miller. 36—Richard Mackson. 41—Peter Read Miller (top). Grant Haller. 56—Jerry Wachter. 58—Jane Stewart. 60—Tony Fede. 84—Bruce Jarvis. 87—Paul Jasienski. 77, 78—Carl Iwasaki. 80, 81—Tony Triolo. 82, 83—Richard Mackson (left), John Iacono. 84, 85—Tony Triolo. 94—Boston Herald American. 98, 103—National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc. 100—On Site Photo Graphics.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DANNY MUELLER
San Dimas, Calif.

Danny, 9, finished the San Francisco Marathon, the second such race he has entered, in 3:19.50 and during the next 23 days ran the 541.1 miles to San Dimas, averaging 23.5 miles a day, with his father following in a camper.



LESLIE NEBLETT
Cincinnati

Leslie, 18, a graduate of the Country Day School, was selected her city's most outstanding female scholar-athlete. She won 11 varsity letters and all-city honors in basketball and track and was a 4.0 student and senior class president.



ABE ANSON
Southern Pa.

Anson, 76, who didn't play golf until he was 50, was two shots better than his age on the par-72, 6,522-yard Indian Valley Country Club course. A 12 handicapper who plays three times a week, Anson had two birdies, four bogeys and 12 pars.



CHRIS EMERSON
Brandon, Miss.

Chris, a 10th-grader, swam the top 200- and 400-meter IM times for 15-year-old girls this year at the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet in Kishinev. Her 2:20.22 in the 200 and 4:54.20 in the 400 would have won gold medals at the 1972 Olympics.



GREGG BARNES
Peterborough, N.H.

Barnes, 22, a 1982 Colgate graduate, played on two state title teams on the same day, scoring the winning goal for the Peterborough Soccer Club, then playing third base as Roland's Exxon won the New Hampshire 16-inch softball crown.



MARCIA MARTYN
Coronado Del Mar, Calif.

Martyn, 44, became the only woman to finish both of the Pikes Peak Marathon races in one weekend. On Saturday she ran the 14.3-mile ascent in 4:26.09, on Sunday she ran up and down the 28.2-mile mountain course in 7:13.14.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

HERSCHEL POWER

Sir:

I truly enjoyed and was inspired by Terry Todd's article (*My Body's Like an Army*, Oct. 4). I have been fortunate enough to see Herschel Walker run track on several occasions, and as an aspiring decathlete I can especially appreciate his ability.

However, I strongly disagree with the statement, "A physically mature individual can expect training to provide little more than a 5% improvement in sprinting speed . . ." In 1976 I entered junior college at the age of 18 with a personal best of 11.6 in the 100-yard dash. With hard work and good coaching I was able to drop to 10.6, an 8.6% improvement. I have since run 10.2, a 12.1% improvement, and barring serious injury I expect to run at least 9.8, a 15.5% improvement.

I believe that the physiologists and coaches quoted in the article were too deterministic. There is some truth to the saying "sprinters are born, not made," but "little more than 5% improvement" is too conservative.

RANDY REAGOR
Jacksonville, Fla.

• Terry Todd replies: "The statement in my story was based on the experience and expertise of Mel Rosen, sprint coach for the 1984 Olympic team and the head track and field coach at Auburn for the past 20 years. We were talking primarily about premier sprinters; it may be that someone whose gifts are not so extreme, who's not so close to the limit to begin with, can improve somewhat more than 5%. Also, the reader may not have been physically mature at 18." Indeed, Reagor admits he has grown an inch and gained 35 pounds since 1976.—ED.

Sir:

Let's hear a round of applause for God, mothers, families, clean living, hard work, philosophizing, sensitivity and a masterwork of a manchild, Mr. Herschel Walker.

JOSEPH N. AVALLONE, JR.
Arlington, Va.

Sir:

I'll never forget SI's cover of John Jefferson, then a San Diego receiver, wearing protective glasses. It was almost shocking. But the opening photograph of Herschel Walker! My God, I almost dropped the magazine!

PHIL HENRY
Hilton Head Island, S.C.

Sir:

Herschel Walker may be a Dawg, but he's sure no dog!

DARYL J. HOLLIS
Falls Church, Va.

Sir:

I am 10 years old and since I've read Terry Todd's article I've done 250 push-ups, 250 sit-ups and 15 pull-ups, plus an after-supper run of two miles every day. That's my comment to the great body of my favorite running back.

TOM NOE
Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

After reading Terry Todd's article, I was surprised to see Herschel Walker in the water. I thought he would have been walking on it.

JOHN C. HANCOCK
Clearwater, Fla.

PEACE TREATY

Sir:

Your cover of Sept. 13, entitled "Peace Corps" and featuring Florida's Wayne Peace, has provoked numerous inquiries from potential Peace Corps volunteers about our recruitment policies. I would like to clear up some possible misunderstandings.

While Peace Corps service remains "the toughest job you'll ever love," we have not yet issued helmets to our volunteers as depicted. We have not yet established an agreement with "Gridiron" or any other territories that have 10-yard markings. And the uniform shown seems unlikely to conform to local native dress customs, as taught in our cross-cultural training. We also fear receiving equal opportunity lawsuits alleging discrimination against weak or sedentary persons.

Seriously, many thanks for associating our name with such a noteworthy person. I'm sure he'd make a good volunteer, too!

JOHN B. NICHOLSON
Director of Communications
Peace Corps
Washington, D.C.

ON STRIKE

Sir:

The NFL strike (*And Then the Clock Showed 00:00*, Sept. 27) can be summed up in one word: greed.

On the one hand, the players want a bigger piece of the action and to earn as much as they can as fast as they can—presumably to earn a fan's lifetime earnings in four years (the length of the average NFL career).

On the other hand, the owners like their share of the pie and prefer it à la mode rather than having a portion à la carted away.

And, of course, the fan will lose in the end.

ROBERT S. STUPE
Seattle, Wash.

Sir:

A big thank-you is due the striking NFL players and the owner-management people for their keen, concerned and farsighted actions in keeping pro football away from us. For the first time since our marriage in 1961, I have been able to do my autumn chores of installing storm windows, raking leaves and getting firewood without the spousal ultimatums always directed to me when I was glued to the tube watching grown men play little boys' games for mucho bucks.

And all the time I thought both sides were acting out of greed!

GARY BLAZEK
Spokane, Wash.

Sir:

We sports fans in Washington, D.C. have all the luck. First our baseball team is stolen, never to return. Then our hockey team is put on the market and is hanging on by a thread. And with our Redskins sitting atop the NFC East, the NFL goes on strike.

JULIE GALLOWAY
Hillcrest Heights, Md.

Sir:

My response to the pro football strike comes from a Rick Telander story that appeared in SI a number of years ago. Telander quoted Florida Wide Receiver Carlos Alvarez: "Football is like a rose. It's nice, but it isn't essential." I agree.

DENNIS J. HAYES
North Mankato, Minn.

Sir:

In regard to SI's cover photo on the NFL strike (Sept. 27), I would like to know what particular empty stadium has the deflated football in it.

JAY OSCHE
Cabot, Pa.

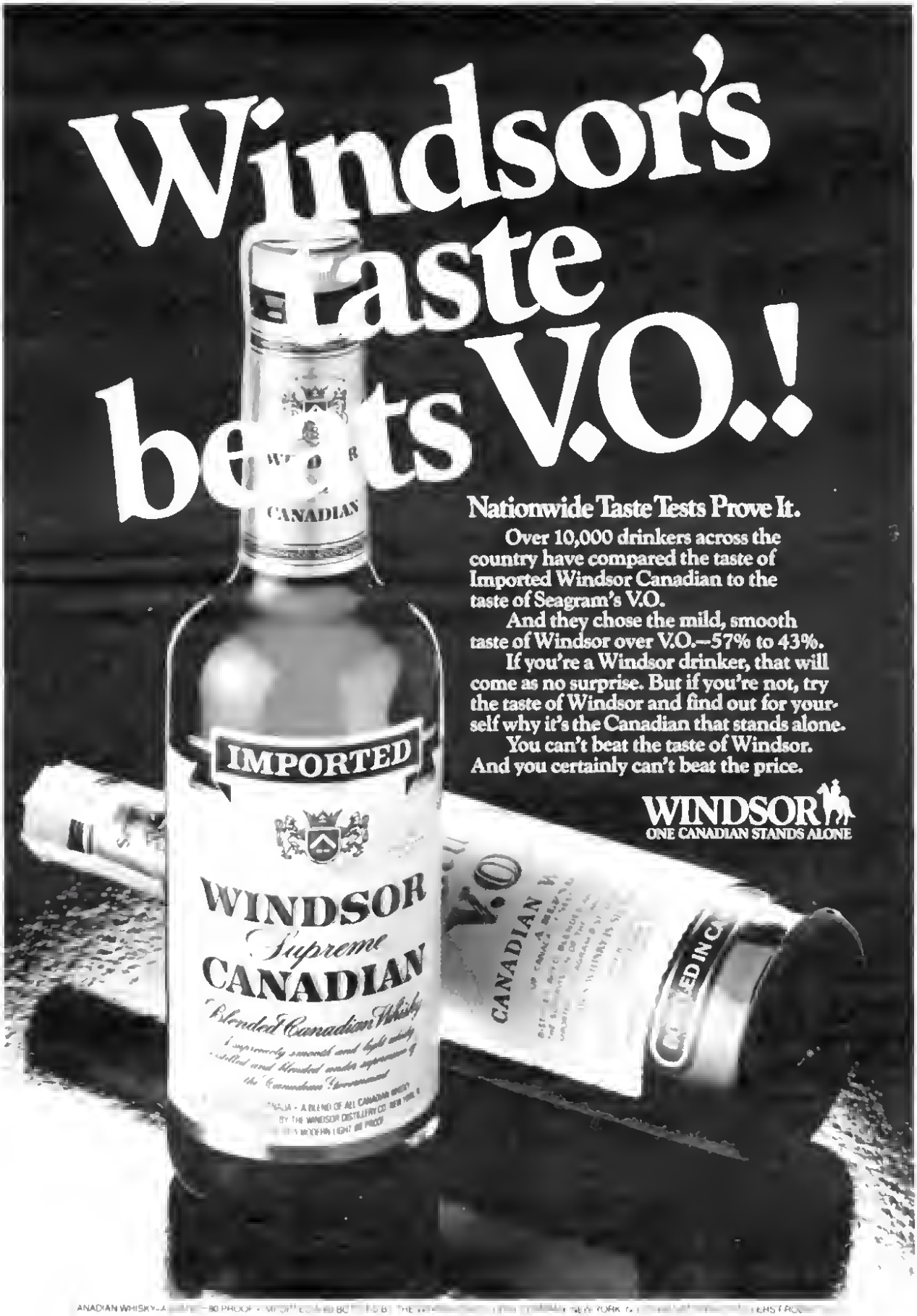
• The picture was taken at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium three hours after the Steelers-Bengals game of Sept. 19. Heinz Kluetmeier, the photographer, had some difficulty acquiring the principal prop. Says Kluetmeier: "The Steelers' p.r. director, Joe Gordon, and I went looking for a football, but the stadium was pretty empty and no one had a key to the equipment room. So we searched lockers, coaches' offices, stacks of boxes, but we couldn't find a single football. Finally, we came across an old game ball in Chairman of the Board Art Rooney's office. It was already partly deflated, but I used a paper clip to let out more air, and took the picture." That "old game ball" on SI's cover was from Super Bowl X, in which Pittsburgh defeated Dallas 21–17 on Jan. 18, 1976.—ED.

SEAT BELTS

Sir:

I enjoyed the cover and Jack McCallum's story on the Penn State-Nebraska game

continued


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museum collections

(*O.K., Time to Fasten Those Seat Belts*, Oct. 4) but he didn't mention that Todd Blackledge is a Phi Beta Kappa and may pass up his last year of eligibility if he is awarded a Rhodes scholarship.

FRED R. HUTTS
Weatherly, Pa.

Sir:

Northwestern finally wins a game, and you put a Penn State player on the cover? What does Northwestern have to do, anyway?

BILL SUPHAN
Scottsdale, Ariz.

NAME CALLING

Sir:

After reading N. Brooks Clark's review of Ray Franks's book on college nicknames (BOOKTALK, Oct. 4), I feel I can contribute another version regarding the origin of the tag Hoosier.

In the fifth grade, while preparing a report on Indiana, I came across some information from the state's Chamber of Commerce. It stated that in the 1800s, when a visitor knocked on the door of a settler, the occupant would inquire "Who's there?" which sounded like "Hoosier" when the farmer wasn't particularly drilled on pronunciation.

ERIC HANDLER
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir:

In the BOOKTALK in your Oct. 4 issue, you asked the question, "Just what *is* a Crimson Tide, anyway?"

When I was an Alabama undergraduate in the early '20s, Tulane had a very strong football team called, then as now, the Green Wave. As I recall, after a victory by Alabama, a Birmingham sportswriter wrote, "Saturday the Green Wave of Tulane was completely engulfed by a tide of crimson-clad warriors."

You might also be interested in the nickname Million Dollar Band for the Alabama band that plays during halftime. During a game that the football team didn't play well, a sportswriter wrote, "While the football team did not look very good, the band looked like a million dollars."

JACK CRENSHAW
Montgomery, Ala.

HORSE SENSE

Sir:

Thank you for your article on Melanie Smith (*A Jump Ahead of Everyone Else*, Oct. 4). I've been reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for several years now and am happy finally to see an article on equestrian sports. There's more to the sports world than baseball, football, basketball and tennis.

COLLEEN JOHNSON
Barboursville, W. Va.

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